

PART 533

THE

PRICE 6d

LEISURE



HOUR

MAY 1896

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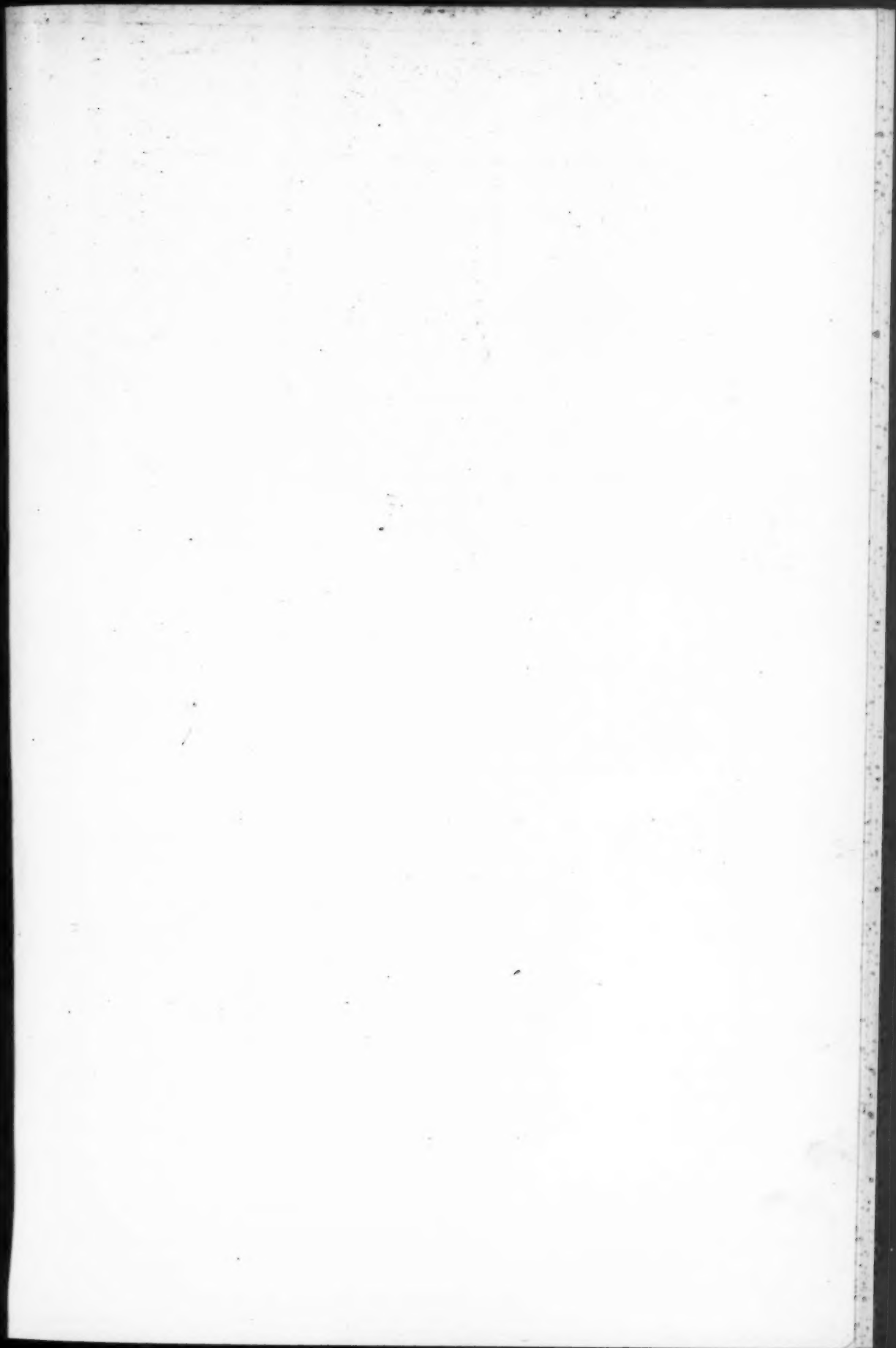
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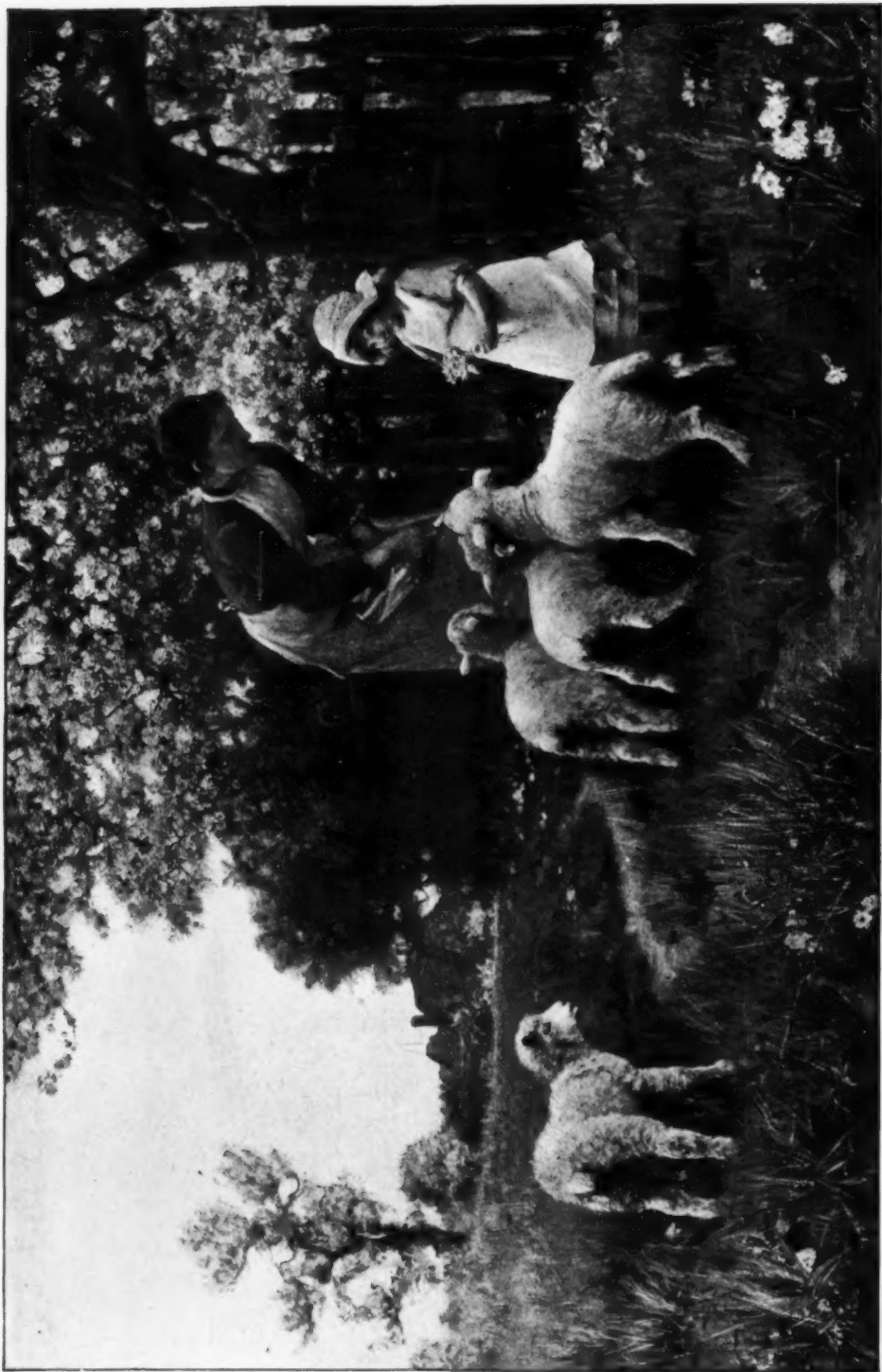
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HELEN.

BY MRS. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.



THERE MAY BE SOME SHARP FIGHTING. IT WOULD MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE IF HE HAD AN ANSWER.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT blocked the traffic across the Kasr-el-Nil bridge?

Carriage after carriage, emerging homewards from the dusky arches of those long avenues which make the Gezireh one of Cairo's most charming resorts, was checked as it entered the open market-ground to cross the bridge. Whitesleeved syces sprang to the heads of the impatient horses; donkeys and donkey-boys, shaggy-limbed camels with their wild-looking Bedawee leaders, orange and sugar-cane vendors, buyers and sellers alike, all were hustled aside.

Tramp, tramp, tramp over the echoing quarter-mile of the bridge, thud, thud through the deep dust of the market-place, away, and on out of hearing, defiled the long column of troops.

Near the front of the throng of carriages was

General Prothero's dog-cart. Two ladies occupied it—his wife, who drove, and her sister, Miss Davies.

"It must be the —th marching to the station, Helen," said Mrs. Prothero, as they vainly endeavoured in the rapidly falling dusk to make out the uniform of the men.

"Didn't Captain Pelham say they were going to-night?"

"Yes; and he meant to come this afternoon to bid us good-bye."

"Oh, Helen!" cried her sister remorsefully, "why didn't you tell me? He will think it so strange of us to be out."

Helen made no answer. The last company had left the bridge; there was a general shouting, and stirring of the pent-up traffic; Ibrahim the syce had lit the lamps of the dog-cart as they waited, and Mrs. Prothero had to give her whole attention

to the difficult task of driving carefully through the swarm of foot passengers, and, at the same time, keeping her place ahead of the other carriages pressing close behind.

Ibrahim clove a way through the crowd, his warning shouts ringing out far ahead; the long bridge was crossed without accident, and they were soon bowling along the broad streets of the European quarter of Cairo.

Mrs. Prothero drew a sigh of relief; her heart had ached as she watched the troops marching away into the darkness, away to privations and dangers of campaigning far up the river, and the fateful chances of war. Some of those who marched out to-night would never return. Then she remembered Captain Pelham. "He may have waited—he may still be there," she said suddenly.

"Very probably," replied Helen calmly.

No one who had seen Captain Pelham in Miss Davies' society could doubt his attachment to her, but even her sister could not guess how far his attachment was returned. "We may be in time," she repeated, eagerly, as she tightened her hold on the reins, and urged the pony to go faster.

"Don't hurry, Annie," said Helen in the same quiet tone; "I do not know that there is much good in saying good-bye."

"Helen!" exclaimed her sister, "when we have seen so much of him, he will think us so heartless."

"It will only make it harder for him to go," remarked Helen. As she spoke they swept round a corner close to their own door.

"There is his horse waiting!" cried Mrs. Prothero, hastily throwing aside the reins as she alighted, and almost ran into the house, followed more slowly by her sister. They crossed the hall, and, lifting the portière, looked into the drawing-room. A small fire burned brightly in the open stove, tea was laid on a low table near it, and a young, fair lad, almost a boy, despite his rank, was pacing the fire-lit room to and fro. He paused at the sound of their coming and turned eagerly to meet them.

"Captain Pelham!" exclaimed Mrs. Prothero with effusive kindness, "how rude of us to be so dreadfully late, and how very kind of you to wait—all in the dark, too. I hope you made yourself at home, and had some tea. Ah! here comes the lamp," she ran on nervously, as if afraid of silence. Captain Pelham stood looking at Helen, who had greeted him briefly under cover of her sister's welcome.

"Thanks, you are very kind," he said, scarcely heeding what was said. "I have only five minutes; the men have marched on; I must catch them at the station."

"Yes," responded his hostess, busy among her tea-cups, "we saw them crossing the bridge—indeed, that was what delayed us."

"I have only five minutes," repeated Captain Pelham desperately; "there is something I wish very much to say to you, Miss Davies, before I go."

Mrs. Prothero was full of sympathy, and instantly rose. "I must take the General's tea to him," she said; "he always thinks it a waste of time to leave his writing and take it in the drawing-room."

Captain Pelham sprang forward to lift back the curtain in the doorway as she left the room. He

returned to Helen, who had seated herself near the fire, and taken off her hat.

"You know what I want to say," he began hurriedly; "you said last time that you would think of it, if I would have patience, but you didn't know then that we were to be ordered up the river so soon. That makes a difference, doesn't it?" he urged.

"You want me to be thinking about you all the time you are away, I suppose?" she said slowly, glancing up and smiling at him with a friendly air. Her voice was low-toned and sweet, her large, dark grey eyes were fringed by long dark lashes, her smile was very attractive, but neither friend nor enemy allowed that Helen Davies had any other beauties; on the other hand, she was rather fat and by no means young-looking, her nose was short and broad, her feet and hands were quite ugly—and yet—and yet—all being said for and against her,—there remained, still undescribed, a nameless charm, a subtle fascination, potent over most men and many women.

"I should not wonder if there was some sharp fighting," he rejoined, "and I should not mind either—but it would make all the difference in going if you would say that some day, perhaps, you would love me enough to marry me."

Helen was gently smoothing the ruffled fur of her muff. "Some day, perhaps," she repeated deliberately after him, "I may love you enough to marry you."

"I shall remember that—I shall treasure that," he said fervently; "and now, now, you love me a little, don't you?"

"I like you," she said, still looking at and stroking the brown fur: "I like most people."

"Won't you say something more than that?" he urged. "Mayn't I write to you?"

"Yes."

"And will you write to me?"

"Yes."

"And, Helen, you do love me a little?" He knelt on the hearth-rug as he spoke and took her hand.

"Yes, a little," she said slowly, but with so charming a smile that young Pelham, enchanted, caught both her hands in his, and kissed their cool pink palms rapturously.

A small clock, on the mantel-piece above, struck the hour with a far-off cathedral chime.

"Six!" exclaimed Pelham, springing to his feet. "I must go. Look, I have the precious curl you gave me here," and he held up a tiny heart-shaped locket that hung from his watch-chain, "and you will wear this for my sake, won't you?" He laid a small jeweller's box on her knee, stooped to press one burning kiss on her upturned face, and was gone.

Mrs. Prothero, leaving the cup of tea beside her busy husband, had returned to keep watch outside, lest anyone should unwittingly intrude on her sister and Captain Pelham. The soul of honour as well as sympathy, she sat in the farthest corner of the wide red and gold divan surrounding the hall—her hands pressed over her ears lest they should hear what was not meant for them. Her sympathy was largely mingled with anxiety. She found it so

difficult to understand Helen. They were born at the two extremes of a large family; she had married and gone to India while this younger sister was still in the nursery, and now, when the break-up of the old home and the General's Egyptian appointment had brought them together again, Annie, for all her fifteen years of married life and knocking about the world, felt inexperienced and diffident as a child beside the *savoir faire* and worldly wisdom of her younger sister. Helen had come in September to live with them in Cairo; it was now December. She had made an immense number of friends, and even those who were inclined at first to be critical of her popularity were disarmed by the unassuming pleasantness of her manner towards them.

All the English officers vied in showing her attention wherever she went, and foremost among them had been young Pelham—Charley Pelham, as he was commonly called—a bright-faced, frank young fellow, with lots of boyish enthusiasm in him still. He had shared Helen's musical interest, had ridden with her frequently, and had, in fact, so haunted their house that General Prothero had distinguished him with more discriminate notice than he was wont to bestow on "Helen's young men," and had even asked him to dinner, and had made him an unexpected congratulatory speech when he got his company, a few weeks before. And now he was going away to the front, and the fighting—would Helen care? Her sister could not tell.

As she sat, watching and wondering, Captain Pelham lifted the portiere and came out. Mrs. Prothero jumped up and came to meet him. "Is it all right?" she asked involuntarily, as she read the happy excitement of his face.

"Yes," he said, taking the sympathetic hands held out to him, and pausing for a moment. "Yes, how good she is; you will take great care of her, won't you, till I come back? Good-bye. I haven't a moment to stay." And he was gone.

"Charley Pelham says I am to take great care of you," she said, entering the drawing-room; "that means, I suppose, that he considers you his own property?"

Helen was pouring out a cup of tea for herself. "I don't know what he means," was her answer. "It is a pity you did not have your own tea sooner, Annie; it is almost cold now."

"What does it matter?" said Annie impatiently. "I want to know about this. Did he say nothing to you? Are you not engaged?"

Helen cut a piece of cake and resumed her seat before the fire before answering. "He said various things to me," she replied, "and we are not engaged."

"But what do you mean?" persisted Annie. "Did he not ask you to marry him? What was it he wanted to say to you?"

"I don't think it would be fair to him," said Helen deliberately, "to repeat what he said. Besides, you know from your own experience the sort of nonsense boys like that talk, when they think they are in love."

Annie blushed; her good General, even when a younger man and in love, had not, as far as she

could remember, talked any nonsense, and of other love-making than his she had no experience. She felt abashed by her own ignorance and overawed by Helen's superior wisdom.

"He came out looking so happy—I hope you did not unintentionally encourage him," she faltered.

"I hope not," she said sedately; "and, of course, I am sorry for him, Annie; but surely you do not think I am to blame if he fancies he is in love?"

"No," said Annie uneasily; "of course, it is not your fault; but I hope he has not misunderstood you."

"Make your mind easy," replied Helen as she rose, gathered together her outdoor things, and left the room.

Mrs. Prothero lay back in her low chair looking at the fire; her fair, kind face was troubled, and she sighed as she conjectured in vain how things really were between her sister and Charley Pelham.

Helen stood in her room examining by the lights on her toilet-table the ring—her lover's gift. It was set with diamonds. "He has spent a month's pay on it, no doubt," she thought, and smiled as she remembered how shyly he had given it at the last moment. "I shall wear it some day, that I may tell him so, but it would be silly to appear engaged," she reflected as she fitted it into a velvet groove in her jewel case, and then proceeded to dress for dinner.

Outside a little breeze was swinging to and fro the dry and ragged leaves of a banana-tree, against the verandah roof, with a short, rustling noise almost like rain, and far away sounded the long, shrill whistle of the night train that carried the troops south.

CHAPTER II.

THE service for Christmas Day was over. In the little English church, in place of the lacking holly and bay, pious fingers had wreathed pulpit and chancel with a wealth of many-coloured roses and branches of palm.

The familiar story had been read, the old-time carols sung, while ever and anon the din and clamour of the busy life of this foreign land, a life which took no cognisance of this great Christian festival, broke with murmuring echoes through the door set wide open to admit the fresh morning air.

The Protheros and Helen Davies, accompanied by several friends, took their way homewards. Helen's singing, always an attractive feature in the service, formed a subject of comment among the dispersing congregation. In particular, Mrs. Gibson, wife of an army surgeon, Mrs. Debrett, whose husband was a wealthy contractor, and Miss Griffith, a tall old maid who lived in Cairo for her own amusement and managed the library as a social duty, recurred with fresh interest to the topic so frequently discussed among them.

"She certainly has a lovely voice," remarked Mrs. Gibson impartially.

"Yes, it goes far to account for her influence over people," mused Mrs. Debrett; "but, then, people who aren't a bit musical seem just as easily fascinated by her."

"I, for example," put in Miss Griffith; "I am full

of prejudices against her. I think she is a heartless coquette, and yet, when we happened to have half an hour's conversation the other day, I liked her in spite of myself."

"And it isn't looks," said Mrs. Debrett plainerly; "the girl really hasn't a good feature in her face, except her eyes."

"I can't say that I ever saw her flirt," continued Mrs. Gibson; "she is not forward or noisy, and she is just as nice to women as to men."

"She leads men on though—she has always half a dozen dangling about. Of course she must encourage them, or they would not hang about her. Look at Mr. Chadwick, the new finance man—he is there every day; and I am sure she quite bewitched that nice young Pelham—he was never out of the house. He must have been dreadfully cut up about going away."

"Not a bit," exclaimed Mrs. Gibson. "I had a letter from my husband yesterday; he says, 'Pelham is the life of the mess. I never saw him in such good form before.'"

"Depend on it, then, there's something between them. Did anyone notice if she has worn a ring since he left?"

"No new ones," Miss Griffith announced. "I was close to the harmonium, and I looked particularly; she had none at all on that finger."

"There must be an understanding of *some sort*," reflected Mrs. Debrett.

"They say she writes to men: I will ask my husband if he thinks there is any correspondence between them," suggested the surgeon's wife.

"She would *never* marry a poor man," added Miss Griffith conclusively; "it would be a real kindness on the doctor's part to undeceive him as to that."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Gibson, "I might tell him to make a casual reference to the Protheros, and say he has heard Mr. Chadwick is never out of the house. I'm sure it's true; and, besides, anyone with half an eye could see she is just the girl to marry some rich old man! Poor Pelham, he hasn't the ghost of a chance now!"

Helen Davies meanwhile sat at the writing-table in her sister's drawing-room, rapidly writing. Behind her Mr. Chadwick, a stout grey man with bushy whiskers and an honest though somewhat heavy face, stood talking to Mrs. Prothero.

"Why are you so urgent?" wrote Helen's flying pen. "One letter a week is more than you deserve; if you complain, I shall write no more. Certainly you must not dream of writing to my brother-in-law—wait till you come back. We are not exactly engaged yet—are we? We are free to break off at any time, and then we should remain as we are supposed to be—merely ordinary friends. I quite expect you to fall in love with some one else when you come back. Some nice people have arrived since you left—a charming family of Irish girls and some rather nice men. A Mr. Chadwick has just been appointed to the Finance Department. We see a good deal of him." ("That will prepare him in case of anything," she reflected.) "What a long letter I have written; you mustn't expect any more for a long time. I had almost forgotten to wish you a happy Christmas. Yours sincerely,

"H. E. DAVIES."

"Richard," she said, turning to her brother-in-law as she folded and closed the letter, "did I tell you Mr. Chadwick has begun a collection of fossils? I promised to show him yours. Have we time for them before lunch?"

The General, pleased to descant on a favourite topic, led the way to his business room, and as Helen followed she slipped her note into the post-bag which hung there, lightly dismissing with it all thought of a matter which had already become tedious.

CHAPTER III.

A HANDFUL of dull days, and another handful of wet ones, scattered over the meeting time of the old and new years—such is an Egyptian winter. Very short, and yet, ere it ended, Helen Davies had weighed her chances and made up her mind. This one insignificant bird, kept lightly in hand, might be thrown to the winds—there were plenty others, better worth having, and as easily caught as he—should she fail to secure the one she had now in view.

She was too clever not to divine that Captain Pelham would take his freedom most unwillingly, but then she had kept the possibility of it frequently before him, so that, she said to herself, he had really nothing to reproach her with. Every mail from the front brought his letters, eager, devoted, and of late tinged with a jealousy of which he was ashamed. "Who is this Mr. Chadwick?" he asked. "I do not wonder that he comes often to the house, but because I love you so I am jealous. You will not let him aspire to my place?"

When her mind was quite made up (for she never did anything in a hurry) Helen set herself to answer. She had felt for some time, she said, that it would be better they should end the engagement, since he considered it such, between them. She must be free to choose her friends without exciting his resentment, and if he still cared to do so he might consider himself one of their number, but in no way nearer than the rest. She wished, as she carefully studied the effect of each chilly little sentence, that she could have clenched her meaning with a definite announcement of her probable engagement to Mr. Chadwick. But that gentleman proved slower and more deliberate about committing himself than she had expected, and she was too wise to do more than hint at it; adding, as a parting shot, "I do not imagine that you wish to marry a woman who does not care for you," she sent her answer on its way.

Before the letter had time to reach its destination the Protheros gave a dinner party, differing a little from their ordinary entertainment in its non-official character. The chief guest was an English M.P. who was passing through Cairo, and to meet him were invited various members of the non-military society of the place. Among them Miss Griffith, and, as she quite expected, Mr. Chadwick. It seemed equally a matter of course that the latter should take Helen in to dinner, and their conversation was of that low-toned, intermittent order which bespeaks a certain easy intimacy.

Just before the ladies rose some letters were

brought to the General. "Ah! telegram—excuse me, ladies," he exclaimed, opening it. "Sharp fighting at Ginnes—enemy completely dispersed—men behaved splendidly. Three officers, two men wounded——"

"Three officers!" cried his wife anxiously. "Are the names given, Richard?"

"Wardour, Jones, Pelham," he continued. "Men, Blake, Smith."

"Pelham!" exclaimed Mrs. Prothero, turning white as the table-cloth. "Oh, Helen!" she added involuntarily, looking at her sister as if to see the effect of the news.

Helen was quite equal to the occasion: she felt Miss Griffith's keen eyes trying to read her face. "How very sad!" she exclaimed. "He is such a nice fellow," she added in explanation to Mr. Chadwick, "and a great friend of ours. Everyone in Cairo liked him."

"Such are the chances of war," commented the General sententiously. "We are very lucky to have lost no lives."

"I hope they are not badly wounded," said his wife faintly. In spite of the red glow of the candle shades and the warmer reflections from the deep scarlet pointsettia leaves forming the decoration of the table, Helen saw how white and ill her sister looked, and was glad when, almost immediately, she rose and led the way to the drawing-room. Here Miss Griffith recommended smelling-salts; another lady advised her to put her feet up; and Helen did all that was right and proper in making her rest, and explaining that she had overtired herself shopping in the bazaars. To save Annie the duty of talking, she went to the piano and kept up a succession of soft, dreamy music, and had the satisfaction of seeing her sister look more like herself again, before the gentlemen came in.

When they came the General and Mr. Prout, the M.P., deep in conversation, drifted towards the fireplace. Mr. Chadwick came to the piano, and Miss Griffith soon heard him urging Helen to sing.

"Sing that lovely setting of Firdusi's words," he suggested, "'The night has a thousand eyes.'" "I have it only in manuscript," she answered, "it is there in that red portfolio behind you."

As he found it he observed, and Miss Griffith also, the name "C. Pelham" written across the top corner.

"It belongs to Captain Pelham," remarked Helen easily: "he was the first person I ever heard sing it, and he lent it to me. I have a lot of his music lying about," she added, as she set the sheet open before her.

"The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
And the light from a whole world dies
With the setting sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
And the light from a whole life dies
When love is done."

"Charming! charming!" murmured Mr. Chadwick.

"How can she? How can she?" whispered Miss Griffith hotly to her neighbour, Mrs. Debrett.

"To sing that poor boy's songs to another man when he may be dying for aught she knows!"

But Helen could.

CHAPTER IV.

AN evening of exquisite beauty. Overhead the sky glowed from east to west with the radiant splendour of sunset. Underneath the broad, tawny Nile bore along on its swift flood innumerable boats, their long white sails crossed like the wings of floating sea-birds as they came down stream with wind and current.

Mr. Chadwick had invited the Protheros with Miss Davies and Mr. Prout to spend an hour on the river in the little steam launch he had hired for the winter. At the last moment the General had stayed away, and the party of four were now seated under the awning in the stern of the launch watching the changing beauty of the sky, and the silent, swiftly passing boats.

"Let us go round the Island of Rhoda," suggested Helen.

Mr. Chadwick gave the order, and the little boat, quitting the hard-fought passage up stream, rounded the upper end of the island and gained the shallow, half-dry channel between Rhoda and the shore. Would the ladies like to land and walk in the garden? suggested the dragoman.

There was also the Nilometer to be seen here, the M.P. announced, on the authority of Baedeker, so the whole party clambered up the long unrailed stair from the water, the dragoman leading the way. Mr. Prout was determined to see the Nilometer, and insisted on Mrs. Prothero seeing it too. Helen said she did not care about it, and chose to saunter round the garden with Mr. Chadwick by her side.

The warm, dusky air was heavy with the fragrance of orange-flowers. Two anchored boats with furled sails bent their long dark yards towards each other and stood out black as if etched against the wonderful panorama of sunset: heavy clouds overhung the west, and their edges burned with copper-coloured fire; through a rift above gleamed a reach of turquoise-tinted sky. The low shore of the river, with its straggling villages and lines of palms, was dusky black against the light, and from it to the bastioned walls of the island stretched a shining, shifting, gleaming expanse of water. The poetry of the hour seemed to penetrate even the staid senses of Mr. Chadwick; he poured into Helen's unreluctant ears the story of his love, and her answer was ready. A gardener, duly expectant of backshish, was in waiting at the head of the stairs to present them with a bunch of flowers, and as Mr. Chadwick carefully handed Helen into her place among the cushions at the stern, he laid the clusters of waxen-white orange-blossom on her knee, with an elaborately jesting compliment on their appropriate and prophetic nature. They were not left more than a minute alone together, and Helen was not sorry. Her wish to marry Mr. Chadwick did not mean a wish for much of his society, and she was relieved when Mr. Prout's voice hailed them above, and he cautiously descended the stair with her sister. Mr. Chadwick

discreetly relinquished the unresponsive hand of which he had taken possession, and Mrs. Prothero had also been presented with orange-flowers by the gardener, so there was nothing in the appearance of the engaged couple to awaken the suspicion of Mr. Prout, and if Annie's sympathetic perceptions led her to divine anything from Helen's preoccupied air, she was skilful in veiling her thoughts. As they rounded the head of the island and came into the stream they found a steamer running down ahead of them to Kasr-el-Nil—a white steamer with a large red cross painted under the name, which it was too dark for them to read.

"It must be the hospital steamer," exclaimed Mrs. Prothero; "Richard said the other day it was coming with a number of sick and wounded. I wonder——" and she checked herself.

The steamer reached the landing-stage before them, and there was some difficulty about berthing the launch. Finally they came in beside a large grain-laden nuggar, across which they had to land.

The syce stood waiting with the dog-cart, and the ladies were put in. A group of soldiers passed them going down to the steamer; among them one of the General's orderlies, who saluted as he passed.

"Eddis," called Mrs. Prothero, "that is the Alexandra that has just come in, isn't it?"

"Yes, mum."

"Just go and find out if Captain Pelham and Major Wardour are on board, and ask how they are."

A minute or two passed. It was quite dark now. The warm air seemed to caress their faces; tiny lamps glimmered in every gently rocking, anchored boat, and twinkled here and there along the farther shore; a long reach of clear red light still glowed on the horizon: there was no near sound to drown the liquid murmuring of the river.

They heard the returning footsteps of the orderly, and his voice spoke out of the darkness:

"Major Wardour is better, mum, and so is Mr. Jones. Captain Pelham died on the way down two hours ago."

Of all mournful human pageants none so stirs the beholder to heart-aching sadness as a military funeral, and nowhere is it so painfully impressive as in the East, where the change from Life's pomp and circumstance to those of Death is so appalling in its suddenness—where one who was living, breathing, thinking, loving at this hour yesterday, is to-day, as the hour returns, buried in silence and darkness—out of sight!

The long march past of troops, the gun-carriage

on which lies the coffin covered with wreaths, and above all, the plaintive music expressing beyond any power of words all the deep pathos of human loss and yearning sorrow!

His mind full of the melancholy of this sight, Mr. Chadwick turned, when the procession had passed, to a man who happened to be standing near him in the verandah of Shephard's, and made some commonplace remark about the regrettable sacrifice of such young lives, necessitated by war.

"Not in this case," was the unexpected rejoinder; "he was no victim of war any more than you are."

"I thought he was wounded in the fight at Ginnes?"

"A clean gun-shot wound, not worth mentioning," replied the other, answering his look of surprise. "I was doctor in charge, so I ought to know. No," he went on, speaking hotly as recollection moved him, "he was done to death by a woman's treachery; it was *that* that did it," and he pulled out a packet of letters tied together from his breast pocket as he spoke, and struck it against the open palm of his hand.

Chadwick mechanically watched the action. As he did so, his eye caught, and seemed to recognise, the handwriting on one of the envelopes—the fine grey paper, and scent of violets, all were familiar.

His companion replaced the packet carefully. "It's a cruel story," he said, "though, of course, common enough—he was engaged to a heartless coquette, who jilted him for some fool with money, and the news coming on the top of his wound threw him into a fever. He had no heart to live, and I couldn't pull him through, poor chap—poor chap."

"Very sad."

"And now I've got to take back her letters and lock of hair, and all that sort of thing, to the woman who murdered him, and give his last message—pleasant piece of work, isn't it?" And without waiting for the reply his unknown acquaintance knew not how to frame, the outspoken doctor took his way down to the street, and was gone.

Mr. Chadwick sat long in his room that day, musing over what he had heard, what he had seen. One trifle after another in his memory linked itself into a chain of meaning. There seemed no escape from the painful conclusion that forced itself upon his mind.

As he sat his dragoman tapped at the door with a note.

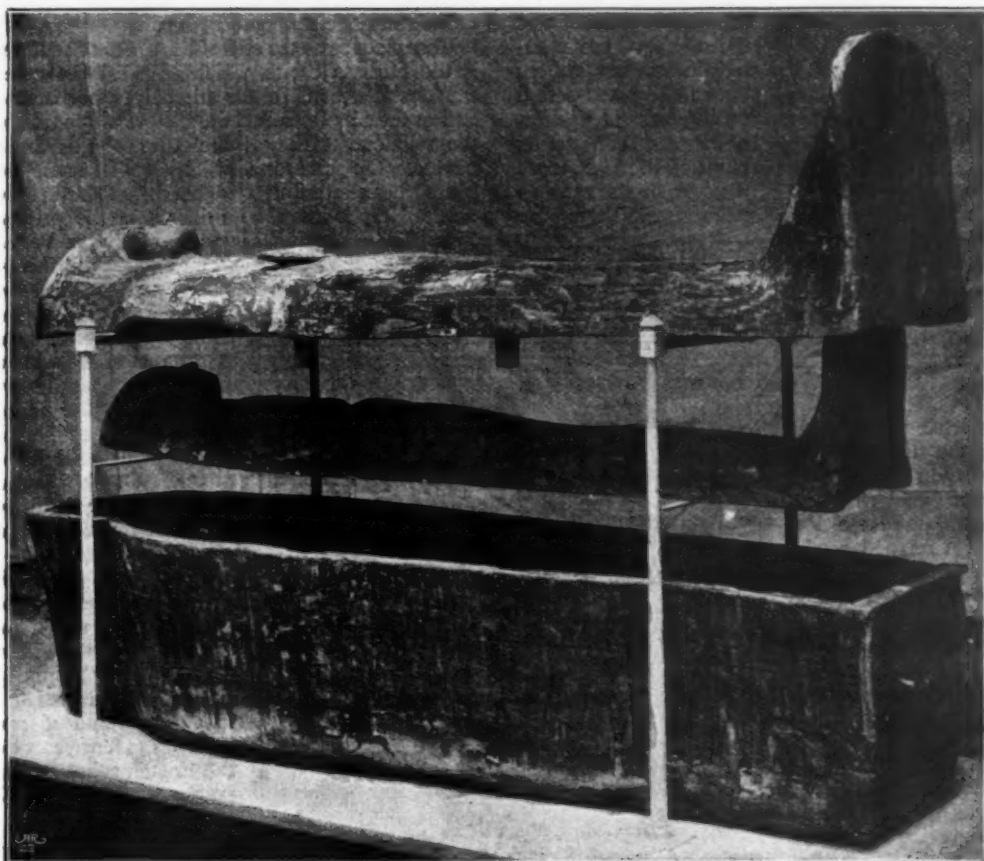
It was from Helen, written on grey violet-scented paper, inviting him, in General Prothero's name, to dine with them that evening—a little party in honour of their engagement.

Do you think he went?

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY SIR E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, K.C.B.

THE DEPARTMENTS.



COFFINS OF AN EGYPTIAN PRIESTESS.

Outer and inner coffins, together with a case which covered the mummy, of wood brilliantly painted and decorated with mythological scenes and religious emblems and inscriptions. They were used for the burial of a priestess named Thent-hen-f, of the confraternity of Amen at Thebes, about 900 B.C. But the inner coffin was originally made for a priest, whose name on it has been erased.

THE DEPARTMENT OF EGYPTIAN AND ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES.

UNLIKE the Greek and Roman antiquities, which, as we have seen, owed so much to the incorporation of several independent collections, the collection of Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum has grown round one great nucleus—namely, the splendid series of sculptures and other remains which were brought together in Alexandria by the Institute of Egypt, a learned body which was founded under the auspices of Napoleon Bonaparte. After the capitulation of that city in 1801 the antiquities became the prize of the British Army, and were forthwith brought

to England, and were deposited in the British Museum in the following year. Since that date the collection has steadily grown; and gifts, bequests, and purchases have contributed to make it one of the finest and most complete. When we remember that barely three-quarters of a century has elapsed since the inscriptions on the Egyptian monuments and papyri were first deciphered, the progress made in our knowledge of the early history of the country and of the manners and customs of its ancient inhabitants is astonishing. And such rapid progress is only possible when the country whose history we are studying yields such abundant remains of bygone ages as does Egypt. Passing through the Egyptian galleries, which

extend the whole length of the western side of the Museum on the ground floor, we have before us a series of sculptures which illustrate the history of Egypt in most of its known periods, commencing with



COMB.

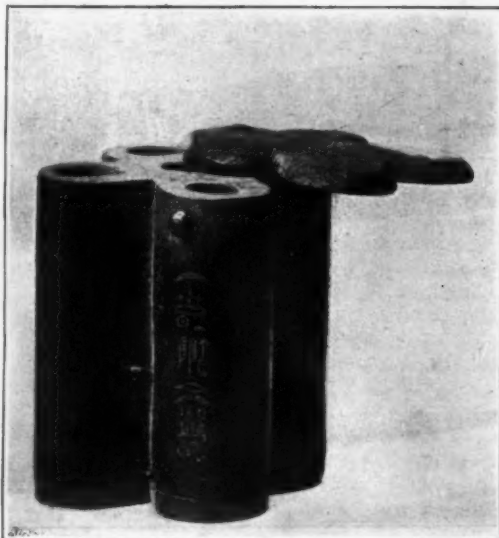
that of the great pyramid-building Pharaohs, who held sway between three and four thousand years before Christ. Of the more remote times the remains are naturally limited in number; but of the great period of Egypt's prosperity, under the conquering kings of the eighteenth dynasty, from 1700 to 1400 B.C., there are many interesting monuments; and from this date the series is fairly

complete, illustrating well the time of the oppression of the children of Israel, when the powerful monarch Rameses II reigned in the land, and passing on through the troubled epochs of Egypt's captivity and decadence, and ending with the times when she was ruled successively by Greek and Roman masters. Perhaps the most striking fact in regard to Egyptian sculpture is that, in its earliest stages, as we see it in the surviving monuments, it is more faithful to nature than in its later development. The human figure is modelled upon the living shape; not upon conventional ideas. We only have to look at such a figure as that of the wooden statue which was found not many years ago, and which, from its likeness to the chief official of the place, was called by the natives the Shêkh el-Beled, or "mayor of the town," and we have before us the life-like image of a well-to-do farmer or landowner of more than five thousand years ago as he walked in his fields and surveyed his crops or counted his cattle; and, knowing that such perfection in rendering nature is not attained by nations in their infancy, we are naturally led to speculate on the numbers of generations that must have passed away before the Egyptians of that remote period could have attained to such artistic skill. Later in their

history we see this earlier striving after nature crippled by conventional feeling, and the statues of their gods and kings are sculptured in that stiff and monotonous attitude which we know so well that we regard it as typically Egyptian, but which, notwithstanding, seldom fails to impress us with a solemn grandeur. Later still we come to a period when this grander style gives place to one of a more decorative character, marked by elaborate finish and delicate workmanship.

Conspicuous at the end of the series of sculptures is the Rosetta Stone, which afforded the clue to the decipherment of the hieroglyphic characters, and eventually unfolded the historical records and the religious texts and literature of this ancient people. On this stone, which gets its name from having been found in 1798 near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, is inscribed a decree of the priests of Memphis conferring divine honours on Ptolemy Epiphanes, king of Egypt, and dated in the year 195 B.C. The inscription is in three forms—viz.

in the Egyptian language in hieroglyphics or writing of the priests; in the same language in demotic, or writing of the people; and in the Greek language and character. By means of the Greek text the names of kings, which in the hieroglyphics are enclosed in oblong rings or "cartouches," were dissected, and the Egyptian characters of which they are composed were identified. Thomas Young thus succeeded, in 1818, in fixing the value of some nine signs; four years later the French scholar Champollion was able to publish



BOX FOR ANTIMONY OR BISMUTH FOR COLOURING THE EYELIDS, THE MATERIAL IN THE SEVERAL TUBES BEING APPROPRIATE FOR DIFFERENT SEASONS.

AN EGYPTIAN LADY'S TOILET ARTICLES.

a complete system of decipherment.

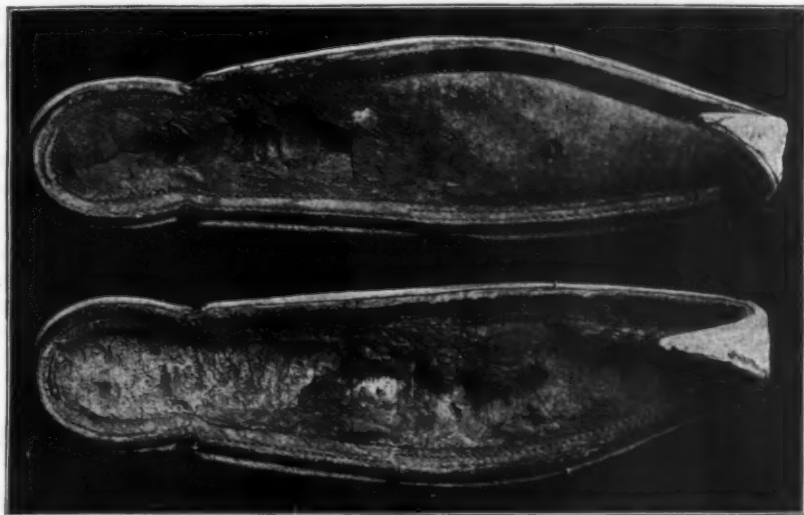
The Egyptian collection of smaller objects, which are gathered in the upper rooms of the Museum, are of no less interest than the sculptures—indeed, for the general visitor, who may care little or nothing for archaeology, there is no collection in the Museum that is so fascinating. As we have said above, our human sympathies are here keenly touched; we are brought into close contact with fellow-creatures who lived and



ALABASTER POT OF OINTMENT.

moved and had their being on the face of this earth thousands of years ago. Their embalmed remains lie before us in solemn rows, bearing witness to the pious care that the ancient Egyptian bestowed upon the dead, in order to prevent

times in scores, were laid with the body, and were ready to plough and sow and reap for the dead man, when he came to the Fields of the Blessed ; the jars in which his heart and vital parts lay embalmed under the protection of special deities ; the



the corruption of the body, which was some day again to be the dwelling-place of the immortal soul. We see the coffin in which the body was laid, with its inscriptions of prayers and images of



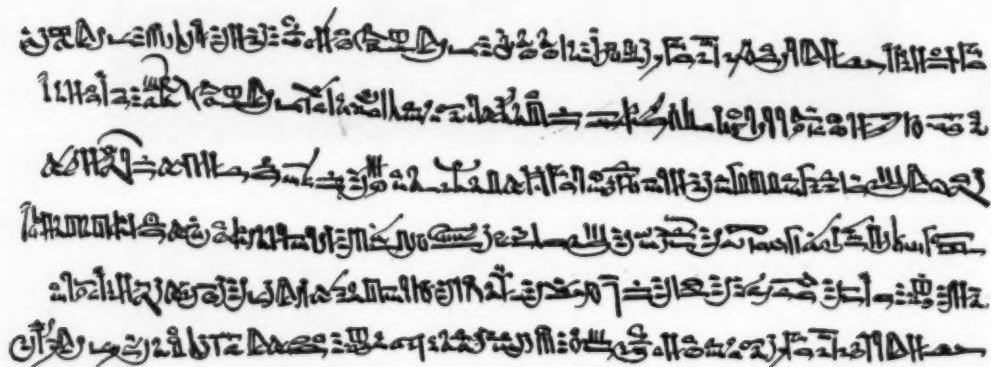
EGYPTIAN LADY'S SLIPPERS, NECKLACE AND PINS, AND BRONZE MIRROR.

the protecting gods ; the great liturgy, or "Book of the Dead," with its psalms, and confessions, and prayers, which in beauty of language and ideas may compare not unfavourably with those of more modern nations ; the little figures which, some-

amulets which protected him from the powers of darkness ; the vessels, often of costly material, in which he would find food and unguents when he needed them ; the implements which he used in his lifetime—his axe, or knife, or other tools, musical

instruments, writing materials, and what not ; jewellery that adorned his body or his wife's ; his razor and her toilet furniture, the very piece of pumice-stone which served as her nail-brush, and the pair of slippers which she wore ; the toys of their children—in a word, scarcely anything is wanting to fill in the outline of the domestic life of ancient Egypt. And not a few of these objects are beautiful works of art. The shapes and material of the fine series of alabaster vessels, and the delicate workmanship and brilliant colouring of many of the specimens of porcelain, are most attractive. Many among the long lines of statues and statuettes of gods and men are finely modelled ; and different objects in metal, whether they be pieces of jewellery or figures or vessels, are worked with wonderful artistic skill. Nor must we forget the great series of papyri, those books of the ancient Egyptians made in the form of long rolls from material supplied by the prolific papyrus plant, inscribed with their literature, both sacred and profane. It is a

Mosul, began work on the site of ancient Nineveh, and afterwards farther north at Khorsabad. But in 1845 his efforts were entirely eclipsed by the explorations of Sir Henry Layard, whose name is so inseparably connected with the history of Assyrian discovery. Commencing operations first at Nimroud, the site of the ancient Calah of Genesis, lying to the south of Nineveh, he unearthed the palaces of Ashur-nasir-pal, a king of Assyria who reigned nearly nine hundred years before Christ, of his successor, Shalmaneser II, and of a later king, Esarhaddon. Then, transferring the work to the site of Nineveh, he brought to light, from the depths of the great mound of Kouyunjik, the palaces of Sennacherib, of Esarhaddon, and of his son Ashur-bani-pal, whose reigns covered the period 705–626 B.C. Since Layard's day successive excavations have made a fair clearance of this portion of the site ; but much still remains to be discovered and must await more auspicious times than the present. Various other sites in the ancient



ANNALS OF RAMESES III, KING OF EGYPT, 1200 B.C.

The papyrus from which these few lines are copied is inscribed with a long account of the deeds of Rameses III, in the hieratic character of Egyptian writing. The king here enumerates the benefits conferred by him upon the country : "I made the whole land to be grown with trees in full leaf, and I made the people to sit beneath their shade. Through me did the woman of Egypt walk with bold and fearless steps whithersoever she would, without molestation by the way."

significant commentary on the text of the vanity of human wishes to find in the oldest known Egyptian papyrus, estimated to have been written some two thousand five hundred years before Christ—and that, too, only a copy of a more ancient text—mournful laments on the brevity of man's mortal life and happiness

ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Little more than half a century ago the ancient kingdoms of Babylonia and Assyria were but a name. Along the lower course of the Euphrates and higher up the stream of the Tigris a series of sand-covered mounds alone indicated the sites of the mighty cities and royal buildings of the powerful races which had ruled the then fertile and populous land of Mesopotamia.

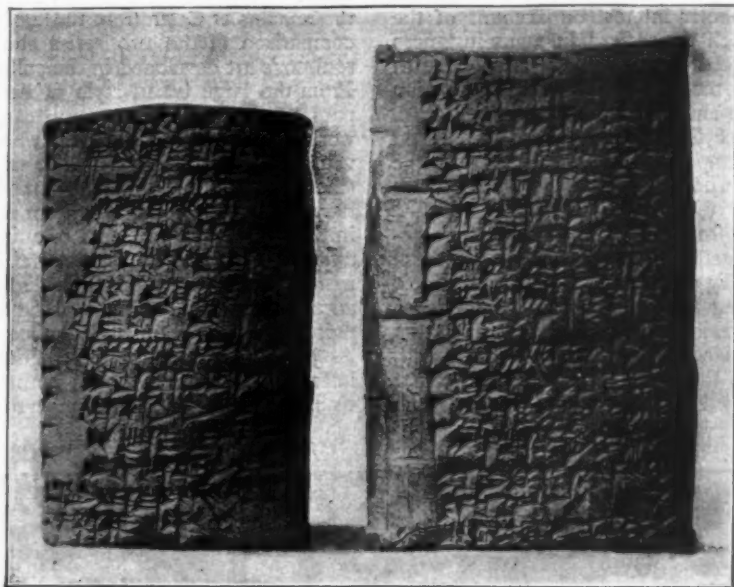
The credit of first attempting systematically to explore these buried remains is due to a Frenchman. In 1842 Monsieur Botta, the French Consul at

kingdom of Assyria have also been explored. In the still earlier kingdom of Babylonia such sites as Nipur, Erech, Ellasar, and Ur of the Chaldees have been partially attempted, and within the circuit of the walls of ancient Babylon itself important discoveries were made by Sir Henry Rawlinson. With the more recent explorations undertaken by other nations we are not here concerned. It was chiefly the early discoveries which enriched the British Museum with the remarkable series of sculptures and other remains of the two great peoples of Western Asia.

It will be remembered that the tide of conquest of the first founders of these kingdoms followed the course of the great rivers from south to north ; that the old Babylonian empire was first consolidated along the lower waters of the Euphrates ; that thence it pushed its way northward along the course of the Tigris ; and that, in process of time, a second empire grew up in the northern land, and at length became the independent kingdom of

Assyria, destined to become more powerful than the parent stock, and even to hold Babylonia in subjection. But we need not here pursue the history

the British Museum consist for the most part of very early and rudely sculptured statues, statuettes, and bronzes, votive offerings, boundary stones, etc.,



BABYLONIAN TABLET, WITH CASE. ABOUT 2000 B.C.

It was a practice among the Babylonians to insure the protection of an inscribed clay tablet recording a conveyance of property or other business transaction by enclosing it in an outer shell or case of clay, on which the deed was repeated. The tablet here given refers to the sale of property in the reign of Samsu-iluna, King of Babylon, about 2100 B.C.

of the two kingdoms. From what has been said it will be inferred that the remains which have been recovered from Assyria will prove to be those of a people more advanced in the arts of civilisation

and small objects of various kinds, including numerous inscribed tablets; while those of Assyrian origin—besides innumerable smaller objects, many of them of great artistic excellence, and whole



CLAY CYLINDER OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR, KING OF BABYLON, 604-562 B.C.

Inscribed in cuneiform characters, with an account of the building of temples and of the walls of Babylon.

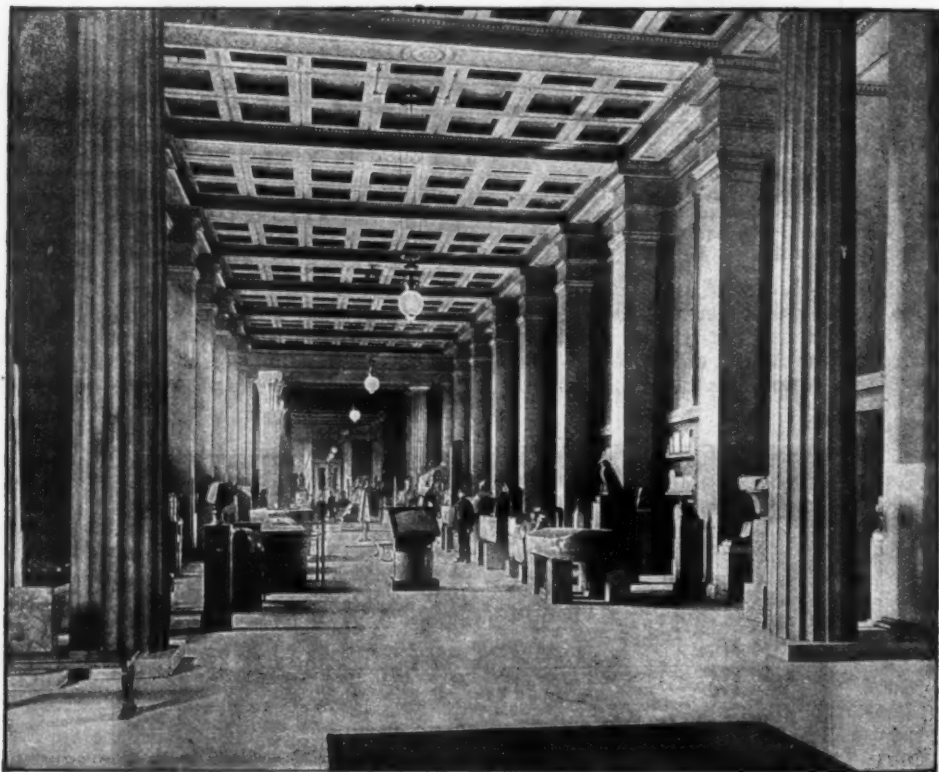
than the remains which have been yielded up by the more ancient cities of Babylonia. This is the fact. The collections of Babylonian antiquities in

libraries of inscribed tablets—comprise bas-reliefs from the walls of palaces which are sculptured with no mean skill. No such series of sculptures exists

elsewhere, nor is it probable that at any time in the future will any museum ever have the opportunity of rivalling this collection. And, apart from their archaeological and artistic value, the Babylonian and Assyrian antiquities must always be regarded by us with particular interest on account of the confirmation which they afford in many instances to the Bible narrative. When we have beneath our eyes the very monument on which an Assyrian king records the submission of a king of Israel, or the very clay cylinders on which are impressed the details of campaigns of which we read in the Books of Kings, what stronger testimony could we desire?

The sculptures from different sites in Assyria occupy chiefly the galleries which lie between those containing the Egyptian and Greek collections. First, after passing the colossal winged and man-headed bulls, presiding genii which guarded the gateway of the palace of King Sargon at Khorsabad, we have spoils of the palace of Ashur-nasir-pal at Calah, great winged and human-headed lions, the

also came the famous black stone obelisk on the four sides of which Shalmaneser II cut the account of his expeditions, and among other conquests recorded the submission of "Jehu, the son of Omri." A period of a century and a half separates the remains of Calah from those of Nineveh, and a comparison of the two series shows us how the sculptor's art developed in the valley of the Tigris. From the large broad style of Ashur-nasir-pal we pass to the more exact and carefully modelled works of the time of the kings who dwelt in Nineveh. Indeed, from the palace of Ashur-bani-pal (the same whom the Greeks named Sardanapalus) have been recovered scenes from the chase, which, in the anatomical treatment of animal life, disclose a faithful rendering of nature, and in the details of mere decoration exhibit a wonderful patience and accuracy of touch. A painstaking attention to such points of detail appears to have been the forte of the Assyrian artist from the early periods; and in the later examples from Nineveh we have it in its most elaborate stage. But, as compared with the Greek



THE EGYPTIAN GALLERY.

sculptured slabs which lined the walls, and the statue of the king himself and the altars at which he offered sacrifice. The subjects carved in relief on the walls of the Assyrian palaces are generally scenes from war and the chase. The Calah sculptures, which are executed in a broad style, also include great figures of the gods. From this site

sculptor, the Assyrian was, after all, but a mechanical workman; he never succeeded in producing artistic statues in the round, and his favourite method of presenting to us what he could do in the field of sculpture was work in low relief. As we have said, the best specimens of this work have been found in the ruins of Nineveh; but these are not

all. Scenes in a less ornate and less artistic style from the same source are of great historical interest ; the building of the palace of Sennacherib, the progress of his wars, and, above all, his memorable siege of Lachish (about 700 B.C.), the assault on the city and its capture, are here represented. And the reality of historical events is forcibly brought home to us when in this series of sculptures we see many of them shattered and blackened by the fire that wasted the city when it fell before the conquering arms of the Medes and Babylonians in the year 609 B.C.

But we owe more than these picture-records of their reigns to the last of the Assyrian monarchs. In the royal libraries were stored up thousands of inscribed tablets—cakes of clay, the chief writing material of the nations of Western Asia, covered with cuneiform or wedge-shaped characters which were impressed with a square-pointed instrument, dug obliquely into the surface—literally books, which dealt with the history, the language, the laws, the sciences, the religion, the superstitions, the manners and customs, and the affairs of life of ancient Assyria. Most interesting of all to people in general are those which have handed down to us the traditions of the Creation, and still more those which tell us of the Deluge, so closely resembling the account that we read in our Bible. The greater part of the contents of these ancient libraries are now stored in safety in our Museum ; but, no doubt, there is much still lying in the unexplored mounds of Nineveh which a future day will bring to light. Other sites also have yielded vast stores of cuneiform records of both Assyria and Babylonia, and every day adds to the number that are being laid up, not only in the museums of Europe, but also in those of America. But the British Museum has had the advantage of being first in the field, and will probably always maintain its place in the van of all competitors.

As we have already said, the antiquities from Babylonia are generally of a more ancient and primitive character than the collection from Assyria ; and those, too, which belong to the period of the later Babylonian empire, after the fall of Assyria, do not include among them objects of particular artistic merit. An exception, however, should be made with regard to the engraved seals. These were manufactured from the earliest times among the Babylonians, and were frequently worked with much skill. Their universal use, no doubt, encouraged the engravers to excel in working on the hard kinds of stones which were usually employed in their production. Being in cylinder-form, they were rolled along the surface that was to receive the impression, which thus filled a comparatively large space and invited examination into the details of its design. But, above all, it is the immense age of the Babylonian antiquities that impresses us. For example, we have in the room where they are brought together a show-case in which, among the objects therein exhibited, the one of most recent date is a bronze door-step from a temple built by Nebuchadnezzar, while in a neighbouring case are inscriptions on stone which are engraved in characters scarcely emerging from the primitive stage of picture-writing.

SEMITIC ANTIQUITIES.

To this department is also attached the small collection of Semitic antiquities which has been gradually formed, mostly consisting of early inscriptions and tombstones of Phœnician origin from Canaan, Cyprus, and Carthage ; together with others in Hebrew, from the Holy Land ; others in the dialect of Palmyra, the Tadmor of King Solomon ; and others again in Himyaritic and Arabic. No doubt the general visitor will find nothing very attractive in these remains, but to those who follow the history of language they are of the greatest value, and one or two of the inscriptions have a world-wide fame. The oldest monument of the writing of the Phœnicians—that wonderful trading nation of the old world, to whom we to this day are indebted for our alphabet—is that called the “Moabite stone,” on which, about the year 900 B.C., Mesha, king of Moab, recorded the wars which he waged with Omri and with Ahab and with other kings of Israel. The original stone is now in Paris, and we have therefore to content ourselves with a cast. A cast, too, is here of that other inscription, in the Phœnician alphabet, of about 700 B.C., which was found not many years ago engraved on the wall of the conduit of the Pool of Siloam, and which tells us how the passage was cut for the inflow of the waters.

THE DEPARTMENT OF BRITISH AND MÆDIEVAL ANTIQUITIES AND ETHNOGRAPHY.

The last department that we have to describe is that which is called the Department of British and Mædieval Antiquities and Ethnography, a title which should, one would think, be long enough to describe its contents, but which does not entirely fulfil that duty. In fact, everything that is antiquarian and archæological and is not contained in the other departments of antiquities finds its place in this department, and something more. Prehistoric collections, ethnographical collections, Roman antiquities found in Britain, Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic, and Celtic antiquities, mædieval collections, porcelain and pottery and glass of all countries, both European and Asiatic, and objects of all kinds, from India, China, Japan, and other Asiatic states, as well as from the ancient kingdoms of America, fill the galleries of this wide-reaching department.

To gather a general idea of these varied collections, let us rapidly pass from room to room and take a general survey. We enter the Prehistoric Saloon at the top of the grand staircase, and may there see how primitive man first made his tools and weapons from roughly shaped flints or flint-flakes, and how he fashioned the horn or bone of animals to various purposes, and we wonder how, with the clumsy implements at his command, he could succeed so well ; above all are we astonished at the artistic skill with which he could sketch figures from animal life, as found on pebbles or on fragments of bone. Next we may follow the development of the polished stone axes, the flint arrow-heads and spear-heads, and knives of the neolithic period ; and so on to the period when

bronze takes the place of stone ; and finally to the time when iron takes the place of bronze. Along with these remains we have a great series of British sepulchral antiquities, urns, food vessels, drinking cups, and other objects which have been excavated from the tumuli or barrows of our own country, and which may be compared with others from foreign sites. And here, too, we have those interesting remains of the domestic life of the early inhabitants of Europe which have been found in the shallows among the ruins of the huts of the lake-dwellers, and which include not only durable things, such as stone or metal tools and weapons, that might be found anywhere, but also such perishable things as cereals and fruits, nets, woven stuffs, and fishing tackle, preserved in the mud of the lakes. With the prehistoric section of the department the name of Henry Christy is chiefly connected, who in 1865 gave the most important part of this collection to the Museum ; and by means of whose bequest of funds, placed in the hands of trustees, annual augmentations come in. A large portion of the collection of British sepulchral antiquities is the gift of Canon Greenwell, of Durham.

In the antiquities of the Anglo-Roman Room we have a fairly full illustration of the thorough Romanising that the inhabitants of the towns, at least, of Britain received during the period of three centuries and a half of the Roman occupation ; and from the numerous objects for personal use or ornament, in particular, we can form a picture of the domestic life of those days. How the civilising influence of the Romans disappeared before the Saxon invasion we can gather from the character of the oldest antiquities in the Anglo-Saxon Room, where the contents of the graves of the heathen Saxon show us how he was buried, with his weapons and accoutrements, his shield, his drinking-cup or his food-bucket, and perhaps also with some favourite belonging—a string of beads, a set of draughtsmen, or, if he were a great man, some handsome silver-mounted horn, or a robe interwoven with gold thread. And when the conquerors had settled down in the land we can trace from the later remains how humanising arts developed in the country ; and we specially admire the skill with which the Anglo-Saxon jeweller could produce the inlaid and filigree brooches and other personal ornaments which excavations or accidental discovery have yielded.

Of mediæval antiquities, the Museum possesses but a limited number. The Science and Art Department is the collector of such objects for the nation, and the South Kensington Museum is their place of deposit. But in the Mediæval Room there is a valuable series of carvings in ivory, showing the progress of this art from the early centuries of our era through the middle ages, many of the specimens having come from the well-known Maskell collection. Here, too, are some fine specimens of Limoges and other enamels ; a good series of matrices of mediæval seals ; and, in particular, a fine collection of astrolabes and clocks and watches, mostly given or bequeathed by Mr. Octavius Morgan and Lady Fellows.

Nor must it be forgotten that specimens of mediæval jewellery are to be seen in the Room of

Gold Ornaments and Gems in the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities ; and, among them, one of the most remarkable pieces of mediæval enamel in existence. This is the cup which was purchased in 1892 for the sum of £8,000, and which, besides its artistic work, has such a curious history that we may spare a few words on it. It is of gold, and is decorated with translucent enamels representing scenes from the martyrdom of St. Agnes, and was made probably as a gift for Charles v. of France, who was born on the Feast of St. Agnes, 1337 ; we know that it was given by his brother Jean, Duc de Berry, to Charles vi. From this king it passed to our King Henry vi, probably changing hands in the course of our wars with France. Next it is found entered in the inventories of Henry viii, and Elizabeth, and James i, the last of whom, in his eagerness for peace with Spain, gave it, in 1604, with a large quantity of other plate, to the Spanish ambassador. Taken by him to Spain, it remained in that country down to a recent date, and only lately found its way back through France to England.

But the chief glory of the department is in its great collection of porcelain and glass. A fine series of porcelain and pottery from Japan, and China, and the Corea fills a large space, and is chiefly the gift of Sir Wollaston Franks, the keeper of the department, to whom the Museum is also indebted for other innumerable gifts ; next a small room is devoted to most of the collection of English pottery and porcelain ; and in a large gallery, perhaps from the brilliant character of its contents the most striking to the eye of any room in the Museum, are displayed the rest of the English pottery, the collection of Wedgwood's productions, foreign pottery, a beautiful series of Italian majolica, the wares of Rhodes and Damascus, the Palissy and other wares of France ; and after these is the collection of glass from the early productions of Egypt, of the Phœnicians, of the Greeks, of the Romans, to the mediæval and later manufactures of Venice and of Germany and other countries. In this great collection of glass, which is the most complete in the country, and perhaps the most complete in the world, we have illustrations of the manufacture of this beautiful substance through a period of thousands of years. The most valuable part of it was bequeathed to the Museum by Mr. Felix Slade.

The ethnographical collection fills the gallery on the upper floor, running almost the whole length of the eastern side of the Museum, and chiefly illustrates the more or less savage life of man, literally "from China to Peru." Some of the objects date back to the time of Cook's voyages, and in course of time others had been gradually accumulating ; but the collection received its greater additions from the bequest of Mr. Henry Christy in 1865, and since that date it has grown apace and has become the extensive gathering of things which we now see. We must not run away with the idea that this is a mere collection of curiosities that can be picked up any day in the uncivilised parts of the world. Savages in many instances have begun to learn the benefits of civilisation so far as to import their weapons, and

the manufactures of Birmingham make their way into the distant islands of the Pacific. False gods, too, fall before the teaching of Christian missionaries; and the opportunities of securing such interesting specimens as the stick-idol, which lies rolled up in yards and yards of cloth, the offerings of his worshippers, or the feather-covered gods from the Sandwich Islands, become rarer every day. The value of such a collection lies in the clue that it gives us to the history of early civilisation. We find similarities between the weapons or implements of prehistoric man and those of the savage of the present day; and from the study of the more recent remains we can reconstruct by analogy the course of development of the civilisation of our early ancestors.

We have only to add that from the oriental collections in this department there has been arranged an interesting series of objects illustrating Buddhism, Brahmanism, and other religions of the East.

THE COST OF THE COLLECTIONS.

From this review of the various contents of the several departments of the British Museum in Bloomsbury some idea may be gathered of the immense value of the national collections. The actual sum of money, however, that has been laid out in purchases may be regarded as surprisingly small. Exclusive of the two sums of £20,000 and £10,000, which, as we have seen, were expended in the acquisition of the Sloane collection and the Harleian MSS. at the time of the foundation of the Museum, the total amount brought down to the end of the year 1894-95 is £1,624,192. In this sum, however, it is to be remembered, is included the value of the purchases made for the natural history collections both before their removal to the new museum at South Kensington and since that time. If we deduct the sum of rather more than £94,500, which has been spent independently by the Natural History Museum, we have a total of £1,529,653. The greater part, however, of the outlay on purchases has been expended during the past half-century. During the first fourteen years of the existence of the Museum practically nothing was spent; in fact, only £69. In the next forty years, from 1767 to 1806, the sum was only £11,036. In the next thirty years, from 1807 to 1836, the figures rose, and there was an expenditure of £158,190; and, annual purchase votes having begun in 1834-35, in the ten years between 1837 and 1846 a nearly equal sum of £145,823 was laid out. Spreading the total over the one hundred and forty-two years of the existence of the British Museum, from 1753 to 1895, we have spent at the rate of a little more than a million of money in a century, or about £11,000 a year. No one, we imagine, will be inclined to think this outlay extravagant. As to the real value of the collections, who shall reckon it? When we consider the great private collections that have been given or bequeathed to the Museum in addition to all that has been purchased, and when we remember that during recent years competition between nations as well as

individuals has risen to such a pitch that sums are given for coveted objects which the collectors of the last generation would have thought fabulous, the money value of all that is held within the walls of the British Museum can hardly be told. Its value as a means of education is a far more important matter.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE MUSEUM AND ITS STAFF.

We will now briefly describe how the British Museum is administered. We have seen how the Act of Incorporation provided for its government by a large body of Trustees. At first, perhaps, there was no great amount of business for that body to deal with, and the duties of a Trustee of the British Museum, although the honour of being one has always been coveted, were not very pressing. Things are now very different; and the Trustees who are elected are generally those who from taste or knowledge may be counted on to take a special interest in one or more departments at least of the collections confided to their care. The affairs, then, of the British Museum are directed by a Standing Committee elected annually by the whole body of the Trustees; and without the sanction or approval of this Committee nothing could be done. All financial matters, all purchases, all matters of general policy, all matters of internal administration, must pass before it; and the actions of the Standing Committee, in their turn, are subject to the approval of the whole body of Trustees in General Meeting.

The staff of the British Museum has grown with the growth of the collections. At first it was quite insignificant in numbers; and we hear complaints in the old days that the assistant-librarians' duties were little better than those of guides to the persons who visited the galleries. For a long period after the establishment of the Museum they were only paid for attendance for two hours daily on alternate days. As late as 1837, when the staff-establishment of the British Museum was settled in regular form, the total number of persons employed was 86; at the present moment rather more than 500 are employed in the two Museums, about 350 at Bloomsbury and 150 at the Natural History Museum.

The chief officer of the British Museum is called the Principal Librarian and Secretary. In the Act of Incorporation the person to whom the care and custody of the collections was chiefly committed was to be the "Principal Librarian," and this title, although the condition of things has entirely changed, is still retained, for nothing but another Act of Parliament can alter it. The Museum having commenced its existence chiefly as a library, it was natural that the chief officer should be styled as he was by the Act of 1753, and, for the same reason, all heads of departments, now styled keepers, should properly be called assistant-librarians. But the "Principal Librarian," being also the officer who accounts for the expenditure of the annual parliamentary grant, must still keep his old title, although he has no

more special charge of the library or department of printed books than of any of the other departments, all of which are under his general control. He is appointed by the Crown, under sign manual, by selection from two persons recommended by the three principal trustees. All other officers and servants on the establishment are appointed by the principal trustees alone. The office of Secretary was formerly held by a second person, but eventually it was found more convenient that that post should also be filled by the chief officer. Since the foundation of the British Museum there have been nine Principal Librarians; and it is somewhat remarkable that, of the first six, three were of foreign birth. The first Principal Librarian was Dr. Gowin Knight, who held office from 1756 to 1772; the second was Dr. Matthew Maty, a Dutchman, 1772-1776; the third, Dr. Charles Morton, 1776-1799; the fourth, Joseph Planta, a Swiss, 1799-1827; the fifth, Sir Henry Ellis, K.H., 1827-1856; the sixth, Sir Anthony Panizzi, K.C.B., an Italian, 1856-66.

With the number of departments into which the collections are necessarily divided, and with the multifarious branches of study and knowledge which have to be dealt with, in addition to the attention which the general public and individual students demand, it is inevitable that the staff of the British Museum must be a large one. To return to the year 1837, which has been referred to above as the year of the first regular establishment; in that year we find that there were 18 officers and 15 assistants representing the higher staff; there were also 43 attendants and messengers, and 10 watchmen and labourers. The cost of this staff of eighty-six persons was about £15,000. At the present time, in the Museum in Bloomsbury, there are employed 17 officers, 75 assistants, clerks, and copyists, 128 attendants and messengers, and 132 labourers and weekly servants. This total of 352 persons costs, in salaries and wages, £55,621. In the Natural History Museum there are 8 officers, 31 assistants and clerks, 35 attendants and messengers, and 80 labourers and weekly servants—a total of 154 persons, costing £24,229. To the sum of £79,850 for the two museums must be added a further charge of £6,575 for the service of the police. The payment of this total of more than £86,000 for salaries and wages consumes more than half of the parliamentary grant, which in the current year amounts to £157,784. Purchases, £24,240; bookbinding, printing catalogues, furniture and fittings, warming and ventilation and lighting, and general expenses account for the balance.

THE WORK OF THE STAFF.

Let us take a glance at the literary and scientific work that is being done by the staff of the several departments in the British Museum in Bloomsbury. These departments, as we have seen, roughly fall into two divisions, the literary and the antiquarian. On the literary side only a small portion of the collections is exhibited; books and

manuscripts and prints and drawings cannot, and in the nature of things should not, be exhibited, except in selections. On the other hand, the greater part of the antiquarian collections are exhibited, and necessarily and properly so; a public museum of antiquities hidden away in cupboards and cabinets is of little educational use, and it is only with the smaller objects, such as coins or cuneiform tablets, the large numbers of which preclude their exhibition, that the principle of storage is justifiable. This being the condition of things, it is the first object of the staff on the literary side to make known its collections by means of catalogues, not forgetting at the same time its duty in exhibiting a sufficient series of works of special interest; on the antiquarian side, the full exhibition and educational and artistic arrangement of its collections is of paramount importance, and at the same time the speedy cataloguing of its stored treasures should make them accessible to students as soon as practicable. Such work, however, cannot be done in a day. It may seem to the uninitiated a simple matter to display in the exhibition cases a series of antiquities or to arrange in a gallery a group of sculptures; but taste and judgment, as well as industry and knowledge, are needed for the task, and the result which has apparently been arrived at so easily may have cost infinite thought and calculation. The very important detail of labelling the exhibits is also one which seems so simple and yet is so difficult. To convey in a few words, and in the space of perhaps only an inch or two, information which shall not be beyond the intelligence of the unlearned, or even of the ignorant, and shall at the same time satisfy the educated man and the student, is an art which is not always attained even by antiquaries of large experience and knowledge. Guide-books, too, must be compiled which shall combine simplicity with accuracy, and yet shall be more than mere lists of the exhibits, if they are to fulfil their proper function.

The largest literary work that has ever been undertaken by the British Museum is the printing of the general catalogue of the printed books. This work, which was commenced in the year 1881, will be completed, as far as completion is possible with a collection which is continually receiving additions, in two or three years from the present time. But this is a comparatively modern undertaking; and most of the departments have been producing catalogues and other works, some of which date back even into the last century. The most convincing evidence of the demand for the publications of the British Museum is the fact that the annual receipts from the sale of the productions of both museums average £1,800, although numerous copies are also given away to libraries and museums both at home and abroad.

THE USE OF THE MUSEUM BY THE PUBLIC.

Let us now take in our hands the last return of the British Museum to Parliament, and let us form from the statistics there given some idea of the use made of the collections by the public.

The total number of persons admitted into the Museum in Bloomsbury in the year 1894 was 578,977, the highest number that has been reached during the last six years; the total number admitted to the Natural History Museum was 413,572, also the highest record of six years. The grand total of nearly a million of visitors to the two museums is respectable; but it must be subjected to some discount, for in the number are included not only general visitors, but also students in the several departments, many of whom are daily attendants, and of whom many again must have been counted twice. It is impossible, of course, to follow the movements of individuals. Once past the doors, the visitor is lost in the crowd; he may be simply a visitor who makes the round of the galleries and then departs; but he may also be a student, who breaks his day's work by a midday rest and refreshment outside the Museum, and who re-enters the building to continue his studies in the afternoon, thus counting in the reckoning for the day as two persons, and the larger the number of students the greater must the deductions be which have to be allowed from the total of numbers returned. At the Museum in Bloomsbury the number of students approaches to nearly half of the total of visitors. In 1894 there were as many as 264,864 visits of students to all departments; and, of these, 202,973 were made to the reading-room. Perhaps, then, we should make a deduction of 50,000 from the ostensible total of visitors to arrive at a more accurate calculation of the true number. The total of visits of students to the departments of the Natural History Museum in 1894 was 20,029, a number which is relatively small, and which necessitates only a slight reduction for the purpose of rectification of the double counts. From the figures that have been quoted, it appears that the number of general visitors is larger at the Natural History Museum than it is at Bloomsbury. This is only to be expected. The works of nature have undoubtedly more attractions for the uninstructed than the works of man; and one would not wish it otherwise, particularly among dwellers in towns, where the galleries of a museum of natural history must, to some extent, do the office of the hedgerow and the field. But, returning to the Museum in Bloomsbury, the fact

that so large a proportion of the visitors consists of students is in itself a proof that the collections there are put to a serious use; and if the number of persons who visit the galleries to view the exhibits is not as great as might be desired, an indication that the mere lounge is giving place to a more intelligent class of person is to be found in the increase in the sale of guide-books. The day has, in fact, passed away when a museum was regarded as a mere storehouse of curiosities, to be cherished by collectors and to be appreciated by *dilettanti*. The "studious and curious person" of the present day is scarcely the person who was contemplated in the Act of Incorporation in 1753; and no one knows better than the officers of a great museum how widespread is the spirit of inquiry and how much of their time has to be given to the man who "wants to know."

The *raison d'être* of a national museum is that it should be a place of education: and its arrangement should have that attraction of simplicity which is the best proof that it is, in the true sense, scientific. With collections such as those in the British Museum at Bloomsbury it is, perhaps, difficult to engage the interest of people who come to them unprepared by some degree of education; but in the thousands of objects that are exhibited it is certain that, with simple and lucid descriptions on labels and in guide books, some of them, at least, will quicken listless curiosity into intelligent inquiry in the minds of even the most ignorant. If even so much is attained the British Museum will, in part, have justified its existence. As to its value in aid of higher education, every day brings additional proof that this is more and more appreciated in the steadily increasing number of students in all the departments. It would be travelling beyond the scope of this paper to describe or to suggest the ways in which its usefulness as a means of education might be extended. The business of the officers of such a museum is to make its collections available; it is for others to make use of them. With the future of the British Museum we need not here concern ourselves. It is enough to know that both in Bloomsbury and in South Kensington there is room for its future expansion, and that its further development may be safely left in the hands of its Trustees.





DOWN IN THE WORLD.

STORIES OF THE LITTLE INDUSTRIES AND THE AL FRESCO TRADES.

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING, AUTHOR OF "OLD MAIDS AND YOUNG," ETC.

THE RABBIT-WOMAN.

"The poetry of earth is never dead."—KEATS.

THERE is a suburb in London mainly composed of poor streets and mean alleys, leading to great warehouses and wharves. It lies low on the Thames, where that river bounds lovely Surrey on the North, and, looking at it, and remembering that a time was, though it is now long centuries ago, in which this Bankside did not belong to London, one feels that a dubious honour was conferred on lovely Surrey when this part of it was made one with England's capital. The eye is saddened as one threads one's way through narrow streets, densely thronged with buildings "unusually ugly, even in London," to speak with a famous Londoner; and, spite the tricks of strong imagination, it is hard to conjure forth the picture which this region must have presented when it had not yet been long enough made part of London to lose its all of rusticity, when the biggest building yet in it was the inn in which Harry Bailly entertained Geoffrey Chaucer and certain other nine-and-twenty bound for Canterbury. Looking backward to times still less remote, one and other of us may be able to see in fancy a yet greater man than Chaucer who spent much of his life here in days when the Tabard Inn had fallen out of favour, and housewives shook their heads over men who passed their time between the Mermaid and the Globe. This old Southwark comes to stand out more and more clearly to the mind's eye. Buildings in it crowd, and figures crowd.

There a figure, here a figure, stands out very

distinctly. By the waterside walks a gentleman in a wonderfully fine cloak. He wears it when it is not worn by another gentleman. He and this other gentleman have one cloak between them. They are Mr. John Fletcher, poet, and Mr. Francis Beaumont, poet, between whom there is, you are to bear in mind, a wonderful consimilarity of fancy and dearness of friendship. Mr. John Fletcher comes by his death at a later day, when Mr. Francis Beaumont has been dead for years, through staying to make himself—wording that, please, not to be misunderstood—a suit of clothes to go into the country to visit a Knight of Norfolk. While the suit is making Mr. John Fletcher falls sick of the plague and dies. Well, Southwark has not seen the last of handsomely clad gentlemen in him. Hither comes much in subsequent days an extraordinarily accomplished gentleman, who has grown famous at Court for his ready sparkling wit, and as the greatest gallant of his time. This gallant divides his time between Southwark and the Piccadillo. He has bad and good in him; out of the good in him comes this daintiness—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

He is describing a bride. He is, as Mr. John Fletcher was, a poet.

Imagination shall be show-woman still. A most sad procession passes. A gentleman has been found dead in his bed near the Bankside. He is

carried forth for burial by solemn men past solemn women; all eyes dry, the while. You will find the explanation of that in the parochial register. This gentleman, says the parochial register, was "Philip Massinger—a stranger."

Do you care to look at further sadness? Are you of Mr. Fletcher's way of thinking—

"There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy?"

If you be, then still look back, and see in olden Southwark, off Park Street on the left from the Borough Market, the old Dissenters' cemetery, shockingly named Deadman's Place. What said Dr. Johnson to that? Dr. Johnson made here—the people here say—his Dictionary. What said John Keats to that? John Keats was entered here as a student of St. Thomas's Hospital, for St. Thomas's Hospital was here in 1815, when, by the way, Southwark must have been very much what it is to-day. If this is not so, Keats maligned it when he wrote of it in that year as abominable in dirt, turnings, and windings. This London child was, it would seem, the last of the poets connected with Southwark. He who would go there to-day in search of a poet would find, instead, brewers and tanners.

They to-day brew beer here in great quantities, and, in still greater quantities, tan leather. That heavily freighted van ploughing the road is freighted with beer. The horses go so slowly that they have time to nod at every step. That ugly cartload making for the riverside is made up of skins. They are straight from the slaughter-house, and when they have reached their destination, the fellmonger's yard, they will be spread on blocks and beaten with mallets to loosen the clots of blood and soil on them. They will then be washed and unhaired, and sent to the tanners. There they will go through a number of processes, the mere recital of which would vastly astonish some persons, who will wear them—these very skins—as boots and shoes; who will use them—these very skins—as glue and size; who will eat them—these very skins—as gelatine. To those having knowledge of this thing, the thought lies near that there may, after all, be sound truth in the saying, "Nothing like leather." Be that as it may, the chief of the many drawbacks to Southwark, considered from the æsthetic point, is, perhaps, the circumstance that one sees here more often than elsewhere leather in its initial stage, as come from the slaughterman, and going to the fellmonger. One aspect of the case was some time ago very fairly presented in the speech of a person engaged in a branch of the leading industry of this place. "Rabbits' skins," it was said by this person, whose piquant phraseology was that of the Green Island, "look beautiful running about on rabbits, but it's altogether a different thing when they're taken from off the crathurs."

This is only one of the many cases in which the general thing is shown in the particular, for what Biddy McDermot said of rabbits' skins "running about on rabbits"—Biddy's meaning is clear, despite dim wording—is no less applicable to all

the skins in the market. Among these, rabbit-skins take a very low—perhaps the lowest—place; and it was doubtless because Biddy's work was with rabbit-skins—she was known in the neighbourhood as Biddy McDermot, the rabbit-woman—that her fortune at no time more than filled the pill-box, which was the receptacle of it, and which stood on her mantelpiece "beside of Marty," as she said.

Biddy and Marty—that is Martin—lived in a part of Southwark as dirty as any that poet Keats can have known, and accessible only through many turnings and windings. They were man and wife, and with their one child formed but a small part of that large section of the London population which is composed of Irish. The persons that go to make this contingent will be found in all the four quarters of London, here and there in isolated parties, but more often in groups. The alley inhabited by Biddy and Marty was inhabited almost exclusively by Irish, and an English family taking up its abode in it, howbeit received with the hospitality for which Ireland is famous, aroused, if the whole truth may be set down in print, a certain amount of surprise, and, in some cases, resentment, this running to a great height when the said family showed a disposition to make itself "at home" here, prior to being asked to do this. The alley in question had become Irish by a process of annexation as just every whit as that of Oudh or that of Upper Burmah, if not, perhaps, two whits juster, and a lack of the knowledge of the things that are fair in other departments besides love and war was considered to be shown by such Englishmen as persisted in treating this region as if it still formed part of Great Britain as distinct from Ireland. This, in fact, was considered to be "like their impidence," and Biddy, who had, when roused, what is called, in dubious metaphor, *a biting tongue*, waxed now and again very indignant upon this subject.

Looked at more closely, Biddy and Marty and their child were seen to be very pathetic rather than very comical. The little girl had been christened Geraldine. The grand name was all in the way of grandeur that her Irish parents had had to give her, and she had herself curtailed it to Jerly. From the circumstance that she had never been known to be other than ailing, the neighbours called her "sick Jerly." It is one of the classical traits found surviving among that old people, the Celts, that what is now called the Christian name is thus supplemented. Such accessory names mostly embody a humorous allusion to some peculiarity, physical, mental, or moral. The standard of the humorous is not sky-high.

Now and again an element of tragedy creeps in, as it did in the case of sick Jerly. The child was essentially tragic. Her little, gentle, very ugly face was quite extraordinarily like that of a monkey, the look of deep distress that was in it enhancing the resemblance. Monkey-like, too, was the child's frequent shifting of posture, her prying gaze, even her pitiful gentleness. Then there was the hacking cough, which needed no doctor's explanation. Monkey-faced Jerly was

dying of consumption, as scores of veritable monkeys die of consumption, where they have better housing, and better food, than ever fell to her lot. Along the bed-cover lay her curiously long arms, and now and again she measured how far she could reach with them, and smiled, if one may call that smiling, which was only a convulsive withdrawing of the lips from the teeth. At such times Biddy would bend over her, and cover her with kisses, for to Biddy the terrible grimace was a smile, and the little monkey-faced child was a loved and lovely daughter.

Biddy was not big, regarded alone, but when she was brought into comparison with her husband, Marty, who was phenomenally little, she looked a great height. It was probably that circumstance which led to this couple's being spoken of in the alley, as they have been spoken of here, as Biddy and Marty, rather than Marty and Biddy. Marty was blind, and his life seemed to others to be a quite black thing, but he himself was able to divide the light from the darkness in it, and he called the light Day. Nothing could have made him admit that his life was made up of Night. He was a little, yellow-haired man, like Nelson, and, like Nelson, was a hero—not the less so, perhaps, that most of his Trafalgars had been fought and won in ideal space. He had begun his married life as a barber's assistant, and had lost his sight in a fire, which had broken out in his home during his absence from it. You would not think what a pillar of flame that fire was: it had swelled to a pillar before Marty reached his home, and he saw it well before it blinded him. It leaped about him as he ran up the ladder to the window, where Biddy, big Biddy, stood crying. He carried her down that ladder. No one knows how the little man did it, but it was done by him. He just said, "Make yourself light, Biddy." Probably something went wrong in those terrible minutes, for when he got near the ground he fell with his burden.

A month after he and Biddy left a hospital, he blind and maimed, she singed and scarred, and the little child that had come in the meantime, and that, in Marty's language, was not the size of a good sod of turf, with more strength in its one voice than they had in their two bodies. Marty was never able to work again, and all his time was spent in bearing up for Biddy's sake. Biddy worked for both. Her work was rubbing rabbit-skins, preparing them for lining coats. She sat on a heap of skins, and drew them out, one skin after another, and operated upon them, doing this until, as she said with a smile, she sat on the floor. When she sat on the floor her work was done, hence the smile. Her tool was a dull-edged knife. With this she rubbed the loose fluff off the skins. It was sorry work, for the flying down got into her nose and mouth, and the fine, soft hairs filled her throat and lungs, stopping her breath. As the day wore on, her brows and lashes and hair would grow white with them, her clothes would grow white with them, and they would fill the faint and tainted air like fine snow. In busy times, she was helped at this work by a young girl with a thick, leathery skin, like that of a kid-covered doll—a London girl of a curiously Oriental type, her body long and slender, her chest and

shoulders without roundness, her hips undefined, and her arms too long and lean. The child—she was fourteen years of age—had every Eastern trait; the flat head, the low, receding brow, the small, oval, obliquely set eyes with a suggestion of cunning in them, the long, slightly curved nose, the dusky skin, and full, quiet lips. Biddy once in anger had declared that Miriam put her in mind of nothing so much as a bit of burnt toast sodden in a pool of butter. The only sign of life in the dim-eyed, dark-skinned girl was the moving of the knife along the rabbit-skin, and now and again a gasp. When the gasping became frequent, Biddy's keen eyes would soften, and, herself catching her breath, she would bid Marty "fill out" another cup of that tea, and would tell the child to drink it and stop gasping for goodness gracious' sake.

The child was a Jewess, as indicated by her appearance and her name. This was a fact which set her at a disadvantage with many persons hereabout, while with Biddy it did not do this, just out of "contradictiousness" some among her Irish neighbours said. As a matter of fact, Miriam had met with a champion in Marty, who in his dark world saw some things that ask a different light from daylight to make them clear. Marty had said, when Biddy had hesitated to take the proffered services of the girl on the ground of her being a Jewess, "I do sometimes be thinkin', Biddy, that it's not for the likes of us to set up against the likes o' them, an' God Almighty so good be them, before there was us in the world, leadin' them with His cloudy pillar, and givin' them His manna from heaven, and never lettin' the clothes on them get old, let alone His tremendous manner of announcing them His own peculiar people out of the fire. It's all set down in print in the Bible, Biddy, and, more be token, dear, I do sometimes have the thought that there's ways in which we Irish are like them."

"Oh, then, Marty, what are ye talkin' of, and before the child?" Biddy had said in protest.

As "the child" had one room for day and night nursery, and it was the all of room that Biddy and Marty had for drawing-room, dining-room, morning-room, bedroom, kitchen and butler's pantry, and as Marty in his blindness, and Jerly in her grievous bodily case, had to lead a life almost wholly passed within the four walls of this one room, it was *prima facie* impossible for speech to be conducted here so as not to be heard by "the child." Marty had turned his blind eyes in the direction of his little daughter, and had said, quietly, "Where's the harm for Jerly in knowin' that there's ways in which we Irish are like the Chosen People, much an' often in trouble an' on journeys, an' when we're parched for thirst the water given to us in the most surprisin' manner, an' when we're dyin' of hunger the quails sent to us."

"What's quails?" Jerly had asked.

"Food, darlin'," Marty had answered, a little wide of the actually correct. "My meanin' was, Jerly, that when we were dyin' of hunger, the food was sent to us, glory be."

Jerly had wearily turned to the wall, and so the talk had ended. The upshot of it was that Miriam had been engaged by Biddy to help her in

busy times. As for Marty, in his place by the fireside he presided over the tea. In his chair, drawn close to the hob, he was within easy reach of the teapot. This was a small pitch-black thing, under the soot and grime about which there was pewter, which might have been polished to look silver-bright. Biddy asserted herself as of belief that it kept the hotter for being black. She had not studied physics, but in having, in this instance, studied her own convenience—it did not suit her own convenience to spend much time in polishing—she had, it so happened, come to a conclusion identical with one to which the physicists have come. One would not cry the thing from the housetops, but it may be said in a whisper, and may be proved out of Franklin, that the little teapot did keep the hotter for being black, howbeit this feature took from its beauty, if the word “beauty” can be used in connection with such a wreck as it was, for it had no handle, and had only what Marty called poetically the “remembrance” of a spout. The “remembrance” consisted of so short a portion of pipe as to necessitate constant and careful libations of water, for the pot could never be filled, but had, according to Marty, to be “humoured.” How Marty in his darkness had come to calculate to a nicety how to deal with the broken teapot cannot be said. No doubt he had spared himself no pains. There were people who pointed out to Biddy that the trembling hands might be turned to other account, whereat Biddy smiled, and ran her fingers through Marty’s yellow hair, and said, “Isn’t he blind and broken all to bits, and amn’t I the proud woman that I can work for him?” And then she would tell how the little man had carried her down the ladder, her and the child that had been under her heart.

Marty had visions. He had always been something of a dreamer, and the terrible catastrophe that had robbed him of sight had affected his fine brain, and left him, not indeed in utter darkness of the mind, but very apt at times to pass into that undefined, dim borderland, which, it has been asserted, is just upon this side madness. At such times mere brain-images would stand out to his consciousness as real things, and among the hallucinations thus produced one was of very frequent occurrence.

In it he would see himself a brilliant young barber’s assistant once more. The gold hair that Biddy loved—it now hung limp and straight, but in the days of his splendour it had been curled and frizzed—had got him his grand situation, in which he used to stand for hours before bright mirrors, with gentlemen swathed in white under his hands. And he had learnt to bend over them and whisper dulcetly, with, for a Paddy from Cork, really the happiest imitation of the English thinness of voice, —the three magic words:

“Singe?—Shampoo?—Thick’nin’?”

He liked to tell the story of the Indian gentleman who had jumped up under his hands, exclaiming indignantly: “‘Singe?’ ‘Shampoo?’ ‘Thick’nin’!’”

What d’ye mean, blockhead? Comb my hair, and cut it, that’s all you’ve got to do!”

True barber that he was, Marty was also a philosopher, and an episode like that, he said, helped him to understand the Indian Mutiny. A man like that was mighty masterful.

A time came when Marty, through whole days, would be wafted far away from the low-ceiled, rabbit-tainted room in which Biddy worked, to that lofty and fragrant saloon where he had combed and brushed, had frizzed and curled, had singed, shampooed and—oh, yes!—doctored with “thickening” so many a head, amid the odours of distilled rose and violet. He would in fancy bend again over some white-robed form, and forgetting that the only ears to hear him were his wife’s, the girl Miriam’s, and his child’s, would say again, gently, the words that had so greatly incensed the sahib:

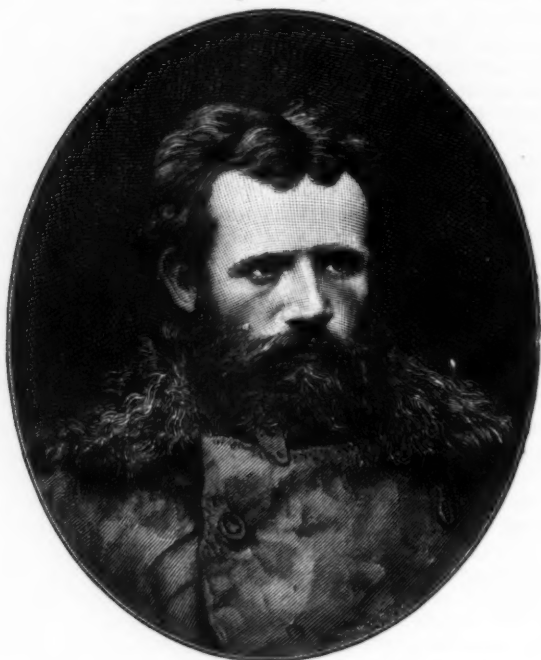
“Singe?—Shampoo?—Thick’nin’?”

Memory in Marty combined with imagination to body forth the form of things, not unknown, but very intimately known. The case was strange enough to make Jerly look up very gravely—her father in his visions seriously alarmed her; Miriam, too, would look up, with a dull smile coming to her full, moist eyes. Marty was not of her kin or of her people, and she was flippant fourteen. Only proud, loving Biddy would bend her crimson face, and grip her knife more tightly, as she rubbed with its blunt-edge the rabbit-skin, detaching from it the fluff, which flew like thistle-seed about the room, and did more harm than thistle-seed has done—even in Australia. It might seem that upon this round earth there was not a woman more to be pitied and more to be grieved for than this woman, who prepared rabbit-skins for coat-linings in London, in a little dark room with a bedridden child and a husband just on this side madness, but—what follows is chronicled for the consolation of those whose hearts might ache for Biddy. Biddy said, very often, this: “Amn’t I the proud woman?” and, full as often, this: “It’s the happy woman I am.”

The pride of Biddy was that she could work for Marty, and the happiness of Biddy was—“the child.” This pride and happiness had nothing in common with anyone else’s, except what they had in common with everyone else’s—a fine mysteriousness, which made them incomprehensible to all but the person who experienced them, and whose life they lifted up to altitudes probably as high as any of those that the high poets are believed to range in; wherefore Biddy McDermot was not perhaps wholly unworthy to be of the latter-day successors to that company of poets who at different times were sojourners here by old Thames at Southwark, the company which began with Chaucer of the elfin face, and included Beaumont and Fletcher, and, least in this connection to be forgotten, that London poet who wrote, in words of a larger application than he himself has given to them—

“The poetry of earth is never dead.”

JACKSON AND FRANZ JOSEF LAND.



LIEUTENANT JULIUS PAYER,
THE DISCOVERER OF FRANZ JOSEF LAND.

GREAT geographical discoveries are generally more or less accidental. Sometimes, indeed, an explorer has a hint that leads him to success—he hears undefined rumours of lands, lakes, or mountains, which he verifies and turns into realities. Occasionally, geographical “discoveries” are of this order, and as the completely unknown regions become more and more circumscribed the genuine discoveries must become fewer, though travellers may become much more numerous.

No geographical discovery which has been made in recent years has been more genuinely a discovery than that of Franz Josef Land. The spot which it occupies was blank on maps, and there were no rumours of land in the position it is found to occupy. Nothing was known to tempt a man in that direction, and the discoverers did not steer there. Payer and his associates were carried northwards in a drifting pack, unable to extricate themselves from it,¹ scared every now and then by

“nips” which threatened to crush their craft. Every night they were startled out of sleep, and, “like hunted animals, sprang up to await amid an awful darkness the end of an enterprise from which all hope of success had departed.” Many dreary months passed while they were inextricably fixed in the ice, borne hither and thither against their will. A winter passed, and a summer, and another winter approached, and yet ice, and nothing but ice, could be seen around. All hope gradually left them. Not a man believed in the possibility of discoveries. The prolonged mental strain and enforced inaction told upon the crew. Several were on their backs. It seemed certain that the expedition would be a failure, and that they could hardly hope to escape with their lives; and then, just when their fortunes appeared to be at the lowest, on August 30, 1873, land was descried away to the north; though still distant, it was evidently land. The news flew through the ship, and the gloom which surrounded them was instantly dispelled. “Land! Land! Land, at last! There was now not a sick man on board the

and got completely fixed up in it on August 20, in N. Lat. 76° 22', at a short distance from the land. “From day to day we hoped for the hour of our deliverance! At first we expected it hourly, then daily, then from week to week; then at the seasons of the year and changes of the weather, then in the chances of new years! But that hour never came.”

¹ The ship, the *Trgethoff*, a vessel of 220 tons, fitted out for two years and a half, sailed from Bremerhaven in June 1872, under the joint command of Lieutenants Carl Weyprecht and Julius Payer. “Our ideal aim,” says the latter, “was the north-east passage, our immediate and definite object was the exploration of the seas and lands on the north-east of Novaya Zemlya.” They made for the west of Nova Zembla, met their first ice before reaching the coast, on July 25, in N. Lat. 74°.

Tegethoff," for everyone felt that discoveries could be made, and looked forward to returning with credit. They gave to the newly discovered territory the name of Kaiser Franz Josef Land, and with loud hurrahs drank the health of their Emperor in grog hastily made on deck in an iron coffee-pot.

Yet eight dreary weeks more passed before they were able to set foot on shore. Though the ship was immovably fixed in a floe, the general body of the ice was in movement. "The land we so longed to visit lay indeed before us, but the very sight of it had become a torment," it seemed to be unattainable; and when at last the ice-fields came to rest four months of total darkness followed, rendering exploration impossible, and kept them tantalised on board, still surrounded by the floes.

After the one hundred and twenty-five days of perpetual darkness were over, and the greatest winter cold was past, sledge travelling became possible. But few men could be spared for this work, as the ship was harbourless, and, though temporarily stationary, might drift away, almost at any moment. So when Payer started northwards he had only six comrades. Their adventures were mostly of the ordinary type. Temperature varied from 7° to 54° F. below freezing-point, and there were the usual troubles from snow blindness and frost-bite; polar bears were met with daily (it is mentioned incidentally that they consumed about *four bears apiece* on this journey); and smooth ice was rarely met with. Under the circumstances they made good progress. In the first fifteen days more than one hundred and fifty miles were covered, and they got a degree and three-quarters north of the ship. The ideal sheets of level ice which sledge travellers always hope to find were wanting. The track "lay between countless hummocks, some of which were forty feet high, while the depressions between them were filled with deep layers of snow. . . . Our advance was one continual zig-zag."¹

Upon April 10 Payer divided his party, to proceed with greater rapidity. There were indications that the sea-ice might break up, and that return to the ship would be very perilous. "The transport of our travelling gear became increasingly difficult, and great were our fears lest, through the constant heavy shocks which the sledge encountered, the case of spirit should be crushed and destroyed." Some were left behind on Hohenlohe Island, and he proceeded with the others, and with a couple of dogs, over the glaciers covering the southern end of Prince Rudolph Land. Only a few hours after the separation the following incident occurred. Payer, it should be remarked, had had some experience with glaciers, and Zaninovich was a sailor who probably had never trodden one before. "We had," said Payer, "packed the sledge, harnessed the dogs, and fastened the traces round us, when, just as we were setting off, the snow gave way beneath the sledge, and down fell Zaninovich, the dogs, and the sledge, and from an unknown depth I heard a man's voice, mingled with the howling of dogs. All this was the impression of a moment,

while I felt myself dragged backward by the rope. Staggering back, and seeing the dark abyss beneath me, I could not doubt that I should be precipitated into it the next instant. A wonderful Providence arrested the fall of the sledge; at a depth of about thirty feet it stuck fast between the sides of the crevasse. . . . The sledge having jammed itself in, I lay on my stomach close to the awful brink, the rope which attached me tightly strained, and cutting deep into the snow. . . . When I cried down to Zaninovich that I would cut the rope, he implored me not to do it, for if I did the sledge would turn over and he would be killed." Another of the party came up, and, peering over the edge of the chasm, found that the fallen man was lying on a ledge of snow, and that the sledge was stuck fast. Payer then cut the line which attached him to them, and attempted a rescue; but, finding the business was too much for them, decided to leave dogs and man in the crevasse, and to run back to Hohenlohe Island to fetch up the others. When they returned, he said: "I approached with beating heart the place where the sledge had disappeared four hours and a half ago. A dark abyss yawned before us; not a sound issued from its depths, not even when I lay down and shouted. At last I heard the whining of a dog, and then an unintelligible answer from Zaninovich. Haller was quickly let down by a rope; he found him still living, but almost frozen, on a ledge of snow forty feet down the crevasse. Fastening himself and Zaninovich to the rope, they were drawn up after great exertion. A storm of greetings saluted Zaninovich, stiff and speechless though he was, when he appeared on the surface of the glacier. . . . The first word of this sailor, saved from being frozen to death, was not a complaint, but thanks, accompanied by a request that I would pardon him if he, in order to save himself from being frozen, had ventured to drink a portion of the rum which had fallen with the sledge to his ledge of snow. Haller again descended, and fastened the dogs to the rope. The clever animals had freed themselves from their traces in some inexplicable way, and had slept the whole time, as Zaninovich afterwards told us. . . . We then raised Haller by the rope some ten feet higher, so that he might be able to cut the ropes which fastened the loading of the firmly wedged-in sledge," and ultimately recovered everything, and then they went on.

April 12 was the last day they advanced northwards, and the turning point was a promontory in 82° 5' N. Lat., about a thousand feet high, which was named Cape Fligely. "Rudolph Land still stretched in a north-easterly direction. . . . It was impossible to determine its further course," and in the extreme distance there were lands lying beyond the sea. "These we called King Oscar Land and Petermann Land; the mountainous extremity on the west of the latter lay beyond the 83rd degree of North Latitude. This promontory I have called Cape Vienna, in testimony of the interest which Austria's capital has ever shown in geographical science."

Their return was more expeditious. They started southwards on April 13, in one day got back to

¹ The strong dotted track on the accompanying map shows the course they travelled.

They then returned to the west, but, being stopped by ice near Cape Grant, went for a time into Eira Harbour. During this stay a hill overlooking the harbour, a thousand feet high, was ascended, and it was seen that Zichy Land, away to the north, was completely covered with glaciers. On August 24 another attempt was made to get round Cape Grant, this time with success, and on that day they got to their most westerly point ($44^{\circ} 57' \text{ E. Long.}$), passing on the way Cape Crowther and Cape Neale, which were christened respectively after the mate and doctor. Ice stopped farther progress, but land was seen for forty miles or so trending to the north-west, with several prominent capes, the most distant of which was named after Captain Lofley, of Hull, their ice-master. The extent of new land coasted was thus about one hundred miles from east to west, and it was seen to the north-west about forty miles more. From the great size of the icebergs (some of which are said to have risen 250 feet above the water) and of the glaciers from which they came, it was clear that Franz Josef Land was of considerable extent, and possibly continental in its proportions.

They then returned, and, finding their harbour blocked, continued eastwards to Cape Barentz, where ice forced them a little to the south; but they then had a most successful run eastwards, and on the morning of August 30 were off Cape Tegetthoff. Floes again barred the way, and, turning south, they almost crossed the place where Payer and Weyprecht had abandoned their ship. The weather then became stormy and foggy, and they left the coast, finally arriving all well at Peterhead on October 12, having accomplished as much in the sixteen days they were off the coast as often occupies an entire season.

The Patron's medal of the Royal Geographical Society was bestowed upon Mr. Leigh Smith for this excellent work; and on June 14, 1881, he sailed again from Peterhead, with the intention of extending his discoveries. This second voyage shows the hazards and chances of voyaging in the far north, and how difficult it is for an explorer to repeat what he may have done before. Though there was the same ship, the same leader and captain, and to a large extent the same crew, all fired with hope and enthusiasm, they found it impossible to extend their discoveries, lost the ship a short time after the coast was reached, and were compelled to winter in $80^{\circ} \text{ N. Lat.}$, as the year was too advanced for escape by their boats. The interest of the voyage lies mainly in the successful manner in which they got through their unexpected detention in the winter and the masterly retreat on Nova Zembla.

Ice was met on June 22, 1881, 160 miles off the Norwegian coast, their northward progress was checked, and the floes had to be skirted for 650 miles to the east before there was a chance of getting through them. On July 13, when off the west coast of Nova Zembla, an opening was found; and by persistent boring through the floes (sometimes charging the ice to effect a passage) they got within sight of Franz Josef Land on July 23, at once turned westwards, steamed a few miles farther

in that direction than upon the first voyage, and saw land connecting Capes Ludlow and Lofley. As there appeared no prospect of proceeding farther to the north in that direction, they went about, passed a few days walrus-shooting in Gray Bay, and then continued eastwards; found Eira Harbour closed with fast ice, and paid a visit to Bell Island, erecting there a house from materials which had been brought out, and landed a quantity of stores. This proved their salvation. On August 15 they attempted to continue towards the east, but the packed ice outside was close down upon the floes fixed to the coast, and no progress could be made. The weather, however, was very fine, and several days were passed near Cape Flora dredging and collecting.

"On Sunday morning, August 21, the sun was shining brightly and it was nearly calm. There was nothing to warn the explorers of the approach of a disaster. The pack ice came in with the tide, and the *Eira* was caught between it and the land-floe. She was protected by a grounded berg, and for some time no serious injury was done to her, although she received several severe nips. But suddenly, when the worst seemed to be over, the berg gave way. Shortly afterwards the *Eira* heeled over to port, away from the land-floe, and it is supposed that a tongue of ice went through her side, near the fore-rigging. The pumps were powerless to keep down the water. So all hands were employed in passing provisions out of the fore-castle, hold, and cabin on to the ice, and in saving everything that could be got at.

"As the good ship went down the ice caught her jib-boom and broke it short off. Then the lower yards held her for a few seconds and righted her. But they soon broke in the slings with a loud crash, the yard-arms turning upwards as she settled down, first the lower yards, then the topsail and top-gallant yards. 'She's awa!', the men exclaimed sorrowfully; 'she was our home; she was a bonny ship.' When she reached the bottom, in eleven fathoms, the main and fore topmasts were still above water. Looking down, they could see her quite distinctly.

"A tent was rigged up on the ice, made of spars and sails rescued from the ship, a fire was lighted and tea was made. Then, after a good supper, no one having eaten anything since breakfast, all turned in except the watch. Early next morning they began to take the stores that had been saved to Cape Flora in the boats, and when everything had been landed a tent was pitched on an old sea-beach covered with turf and flowers, about twenty feet above the level of the sea. Some spars and planking floated upwards from the ship, and were secured during the 23rd, and, on the same day, a couple of bears were shot."

This misfortune frustrated the objects of the expedition. It was obvious from the first that they would have to winter on the spot, and they at once set to work to make the best of the situation. The first idea was to retreat on the store-house which had been put up on Bell Island, but, as this was found impracticable, a hut was erected near the scene of the disaster at Cape Flora, thirty-eight feet long and twelve feet broad inside, with walls three to four feet thick, built with stones and turf. The winter was soon upon them. By the end of September temperature was down to zero of Fahrenheit; but what the greatest cold may have been could not be determined, as they had no thermometer reading low enough. In January, February, and March, it is, however, known that temperature was sometimes lower than 75° F. below freezing-point. Thanks to the provisions which had been saved, to abundance of sea-birds, and to a talented retriever who put them on bears and walrus, there was no deficiency in food.

During the winter thirty-four Polar bears and twenty-four walrus were secured. "Our breakfast," says Dr. Neale, the medical officer of the expedition, "was bear and walrus; our dinner was walrus and bear; our tea was bear and walrus for ten months, during which time we had no lime-juice at all, and no sick men amongst the party." On June 21, 1882, after having been in a fashion imprisoned for 300 days, they left Franz Josef Land in four boats (quitting, it is said, six bottles of champagne in the hut in case anyone might call); on August 2 landed on Nova Zembla after a voyage of more than five hundred miles, and on the following day met friends who had started to relieve them, thus effecting their retreat in about one-third of the time that was occupied by Payer and his associates.

The exploration of Franz Josef Land has been again resumed by Englishmen. Mr. Frederick George Jackson, who has taken up the work of Payer and Leigh Smith, is as hardy as he is energetic. He sleeps out by himself in temperatures which would freeze most ordinary mortals, slays Polar bears single-handed by the dozen, and revels in all sorts of hardships. His plans were formed several years ago, but means were wanting, and while waiting for the appearance of a patron he took the very practical course of travelling through a large portion of Siberia and Northern Europe in the winter, to study how the people lived, in order to fit himself for travel in still more remote and desolate regions. His experiences have been narrated in a recently published book,¹ that gives many interesting details of a part of the world which is seldom described or visited for pleasure.

Mr. Jackson went out in the latter part of 1893 as a passenger on the *Orestes*, a steamer under the command of Captain Wiggins, which was making for the great Siberian river, the Yenisei; and after travelling amongst the Samoyedes and elsewhere some thousands of miles in the winter, more or less alone (no fewer than 2,500 miles being by sledge), got back to London on February 5, 1894, and set to work preparing for his more serious enterprise. At the start he was not fortunate. "Owing to the gross carelessness of a firm of Chicago tinned-meat and provision shippers in London," he says, "my tinned meats had not turned up in the *Orestes* when I went on board, and I was forced to sail without them;" and in another place he says that he landed at Habarova "in a very hurried manner, and my things had been put ashore before I had time to check them. On going through the packages, I found that some of my most useful provisions had been left in the ship, and that, by some carelessness on the part of those who had the duty of bringing them ashore, all my butter and cheese had gone on to the Yenisei." After all, this does not seem to have made any particular difference. Mr. Jackson's appetite and digestion are robust, and he can consume food of a nature which makes some people feel queer even when reading about it.

¹ "The Great Frozen Land: a Narrative of a Winter Journey across the Tundras." By Frederick George Jackson. With Illustrations and Maps. London: Macmillan & Co., 1895.

This is one of his principal qualifications for the task that he has in hand. An Arctic explorer must be prepared to live on anything, even on old boots. Franklin consumed his shoes on his first journey, and if he had not done so would not have been able to make a second one; indeed, there were times when his party would have considered an old boot a luxury.

The Samoyedes, amongst whom Mr. Jackson travelled at first, are nomadic, and their dwellings are suited to their habits. Their "chooms" are said to resemble gipsy tents.

"Some twenty odd fir poles, sharpened at each end, and black with smoke and age, were driven into the ground, and their tops propped and lashed together. Then over these were tied large and roughly triangular pieces of birch bark, reaching from near the top of the poles to the ground, and secured at the latter by lumps of earth and any old stones that might be at hand. The furniture of the choom was then arranged. It consisted of a large flat stone, obtained in the vicinity of the camp, and placed in the centre. On this the small wood fire was made, and over it were to hang the kettle and pot which formed our cooking outfit. They were hung on a wooden hook, itself suspended from two stout sticks, which were fixed across the choom and lashed at their ends to the choom poles. Above was the opening which had been made by simply leaving a space of two feet or thirty inches between the tops of the choom poles and the upper edges of the bark sides. The rest of the furniture began and ended with half a dozen deer skins, which served as beds, blankets, carpets, sofas, and chairs for us all. But there was one article, pot strictly furniture, which I must not forget—it was the treasure-chest of the Samoyedes. Made of pine, and measuring about two feet in length, a foot in width, and nine inches in height, it contained that which the soul of the Samoyed most covets and admires—three or four china cups and saucers. In their appreciation of china, they resemble, and indeed imitate the Russians, from whom also they obtain their use and affection for tea."

Besides experimenting in Samoyede "chooms," Mr. Jackson had got his own gear to try. One night, he says, he camped out in a silk tent, but a strong south-east gale with driving snow brought it down flat upon him, and he was obliged to turn out in the middle of the night to put it up again. "This was a very unpleasant job, and not a little cold!" The silk, which had been specially manufactured for its purpose, and "guaranteed by its maker to be waterproof, was of little avail against either snow or hard rain, and, when it became saturated up to a certain point, let the water through nearly as readily as a silk handkerchief."

Our traveller took all these little episodes cheerfully, and seemed to be quite enamoured with the Samoyedes, though candour compels him to say that, if he were asked to describe them "in a word," he would certainly employ the word dirty. There seems to be a great opening for soap in this part of the world. "I think I may say with confidence," observes Mr. Jackson, "that they never wash their bodies during the term of their natural lives. Rarely, too, do they change their clothing—only, indeed, when it is worn out." In another place he remarks that it is difficult to speak of the personal filth of the Samoyedes.

"And when, at nightfall, three strangers arrived in a casual sort of way, making in our choom (about nine feet in diameter) a group of five of the dirtiest people one could well imagine, my senses were kept on the alert. Knowing what a Zoological Garden they carried about, I took very particular care to avoid actual contact with them."

This being the case, it is not surprising that they are not in general a very refined people, and that in taste and smell their senses are not very acute. Indeed, some of their dainties require quite an acquired taste to appreciate. At p. 112 of "The Great Frozen Land" we are told of a native who hospitably produced a dish of raw fish, which proved exceedingly high. He "appeared to enjoy its flavour hugely, and I managed to make a struggle with it to avoid giving offence. I should think that my companions ate between them about six pounds."

On the other hand, they have qualities of a more estimable nature. "No one could be more sociable than the Samoyede. His smile is almost continuous, and his laugh loud and frequent. Visiting each other seems the favourite social occupation. A Samoyede will go a long way out of his road in order to put in an appearance at a choom which he knows to be in the neighbourhood; and during the whole time I was in the country I never saw a blow struck or even witnessed a serious squabble. The women also are on the best of terms with each other, and, so far as I could learn, there was no wrangling and little backbiting." Later on, an incident is mentioned (which occurred to another traveller) that illustrates a further good quality. "As the canoe came out with us, attached to the side of our boat, we handed to the youngest of the three Samoyedes in it, a youth of eighteen, evidently the son of one and brother of the other, half a loaf of bread; and I watched how he would divide it. He broke it into two equal halves, and gave one half to his brother. He broke the remaining half into two, giving about two-thirds of it to his grey-headed old father, and kept the little piece that was left for himself."

The reindeer is all-important in this part of the world, and Mr. Jackson has much to say about these useful animals, both as regards their value for draught and as food. He declares that it is erroneous to suppose the reindeer uses his horns to clear away snow when in search of sustenance. "He invariably paws away the snow with his hoofs, and I have seen him shovel away two feet and more of snow to reach the moss." Reindeer tongue, most people know, is a good thing, and the haunch of a young reindeer is capital eating. "But, if not hung, the old reindeer makes a very tough morsel. Young or old, it is all one to the Samoyede. He eats all parts with voracity, and drinks the blood by the quart." His method of eating is thus described. He cuts off a large chunk of meat, "too large even for his mouth," and, "having crammed this chunk well into his mouth, cuts off the part protruding beyond the teeth, and steadily chews what is in his case a literal mouthful." Though, so far as one can tell from the narrative, Mr. Jackson does not appear to have acquired the true Samoyede method of eating, he got over some of his early squeamishness. The raw brain and the windpipe of the reindeer, he found, were accounted tit-bits. "I tried the brain once and the windpipe on several occasions," he says, "in order to find out where the attraction lay, but failed to discover any great charm. Under press of circumstances, however, I often ate the steaks and haunch raw,

and, having got over one's natural repugnance, I should not find any particular hardship were I compelled to subsist upon it for a time."

Living in this way, and travelling in all sorts of weather, Mr. Jackson traversed a large part of Siberia, and finished up by going across Lapland. On January 18 he arrived at the little town of Vadsö, just in time to participate in a sort of *fête* held in honour of the returning sun. All the people "swarmed up the hills behind the settlement, and waited in a state of great excitement for the hour of noon. The darkness had given place to a strange light, which grew brighter and brighter towards the south, until, at last, we saw the upper rim of the sun slowly rise over the distant hills. We all greeted it with loud and prolonged cheers in the Norwegian vernacular, and generally behaved as shipwrecked sailors might on beholding a sail bearing down to their rescue. The minutes passed—one, two, three, certainly not ten—and the beautiful golden rim, clear and refulgent, sank again out of our sight. The light waned, and in an hour or two it was dark."

On his return to London from this prolonged journey Mr. Jackson declared that he was as "fit" as he ever was in his life, and weighed nearly a stone heavier than he did when he left more than six months before; and, having found a patron (Mr. Alfred Harmsworth), he set to work preparing for the exploration of Franz Josef Land. In an extraordinarily short space of time his preparations were completed, and he sailed from Greenhithe on July 12, 1894, on board the *Windward*, an Arctic whaler which had been purchased for the expedition, arrived at Archangel on the last day of the month, where he shipped some ponies, a log hut, and other things which were in readiness, and then went on to Habarova for his Siberian dogs. On leaving that place on August 16, the *Windward* steered west-north-west to get clear of Nova Zembla, and then steamed almost due north towards Franz Josef Land. On August 25, ten days after leaving Siberia, land was sighted; but it could not be reached, and for another fortnight they ran north, east, south, and west, searching for a passage. On September 7 they got to Bell Island, and found that it was undesirable as a winter residence, and that Eira Harbour was blocked with ice; then proceeded towards Cape Barentz in search of quarters, and, not discovering any suitable place, returned to Cape Flora, and settled down close to the spot where Mr. Leigh Smith passed his winter. The hut he left, it is said, was found in a good state of repair, considering the lapse of time, and they recovered and sent home to Dr. Neale his stethoscope and camera in perfect condition, after they had been frozen up for thirteen years. The condition of the six bottles of champagne which were left behind by Mr. Smith has not, however, been mentioned.

The work of discharging cargo began on September 10, and it was at first hoped that it would have been completed, and the ship got ready to

return, before the season came to an end. But winter set in suddenly. On September 13 the passage of the boats to and fro was stopped by the formation of new ice, and not until the end of October was everything got on shore and the huts erected. "Our house," says Mr. Jackson, "is situated on a raised beach, 115 feet above the sea, forming a wind-swept plateau, and thus kept nearly free of snow during the winter. The stable is directly east of it, and the four folding houses are in a line. . . . The latter proved quite useless for residence, but came in as store-houses. The Russian house we have fitted up capably, and lined with green baize, and it looks, and is, as snug as the inside of a gun-case. We sleep on the floor, rolling our blankets up during the day. I have not the smallest hesitation in saying that it is the best and most comfortable house ever put up in these latitudes. It has blown incessantly, often with very low temperatures, all through the autumn and winter, so we have been very glad of a good substantial house." This house was made at Archangel, out of large square logs twelve inches thick, morticed into each other, and was well caulked with dry moss. The principal apartment (the living room) is lighted by four windows, with double frames, and is twenty feet square; and is carpeted and strewn with fur rugs. It contains a kitchen and store-room besides. "The making and keeping clear the roads along the full length of this most northerly British settlement, whose street is quite a hundred yards long, was in itself a considerable labour."

The work incident upon the establishment of the settlement left little time in 1894 for exploration, but before darkness became too great for travel Mr. Jackson established a depôt at Cape Barentz, and in the winter tested his travelling gear, sleeping out on the top of the flat roof without a tent, with the thermometer 70° below freezing-point, and got everything ready for the spring sledging. During this time they exercised themselves with football and hockey on the ice, "while the search for bears, and their subsequent capture, provided excitement as well as exercise." "Polar bears," says Mr. Jackson, "are queer, uncertain animals; some are all funk and clear out, whereas others are as bold as brass and all fight, if it is inconvenient for them to run. Altogether they have afforded great entertainment during the winter, and have certainly done a great deal to relieve the monotony." The bear's blood was most carefully preserved, and immediately frozen into lumps of handy size, and these were then ready for use in soups and stews. Altogether about sixty bears were killed, nearly half of the number falling to the leader's rifle.

On March 10, 1895, Mr. Jackson made a preliminary sledge-journey with two men, and took a couple of ponies and four sledges with 1,700 lbs. of stores. The ponies, it is said, behaved splendidly. "If Franklin and Parry could see them clambering over high-piled hummocks of ice, I think they would be amazed. During this six days' journey temperature went down to 77° below freezing-point. On return to head-quarters there were unavoidable delays; but on April 16 another

start to the north was made, Mr. Jackson taking three ponies and two men with six sledges, supported for a week by two men with one pony and two sledges. This journey lasted until May 13, and during this time they travelled 310 miles, or about eleven and a half miles per day, and reached 81° 19' 30" N. Lat. As this average rate of travelling has been exceeded over longer courses by men *without* ponies, the advantages of the ponies are not quite apparent.¹ The farthest north was reached on May 3, and, as there were indications of a speedy breaking up of the ice, an immediate return was resolved upon. The conditions of travel at the latter part of this journey are thus described:

"The horses and ourselves suddenly sank into deep morasses of snow and slush, they up to the girths and we above our knees. At the same time there was nothing on the surface to indicate these frequent pitfalls. It was very evident that the ice was breaking up, and letting the seawater in through the cracks, aided by the spring tides. The ponies are quite helpless in boggy slush, and simply lie and flounder, and we had to drag them out by hand and with lines round their necks, and the sledges one by one, while we were wading about in slush above our knees, only to get into similar difficulties again a few yards ahead. I went in front with a long-handled ice-axe, sounding and trying to pick a road; but before long there was no choice, and we had to drag the ponies and sledges through it as best we could. Fortunately, we were three able-bodied individuals and in perfect health."

In the interval between these two sledge-journeys the *Windward* for a time was in considerable peril. On April 4, after an easterly gale which lasted for five days, the ice round the ship suddenly broke up.

"There was literally not a minute's warning, and in a moment great rents ran across the floe and, with loud claps of thunder as it were, parted large portions of ice from the main pack. A whale-boat, sledge, and a small Union Jack were swept away and lost, and the whole of the port side of the ship, which had been firmly fixed in a mould of ice, was swept clean, and a large pool of open water left in its place. The starboard side was still held firm by the land-ice, and this again was held by the grounded bergs. Still, as there were no fires up, and the ship had scarcely any ballast in her, the position was one of gravity. Several lines were laid out and attached to the bergs, and all hands set to work ballasting the ship with ice. On the following day the gale dropped, and there was then revealed a great expanse of open water—east, west, and south. This, however, was not to last long; for on the same day a huge floe appeared moving rapidly down on the ship; but as the *Windward* had been prudently anchored just out of the run of the current, the floe crossed the water which had been opened on the port side of the ship, just missed the ship itself, and struck the land floe beyond with a terrific crash, throwing up high hummocks, and making a scene of great confusion. Then, as if spent with the effort, it swung slowly round, and, gently coming up to the ship, enclosed it once again."

¹ Though Mr. Jackson is probably the first to carry the idea out, the idea of utilising ponies for dragging boats and sledges over Arctic ice is not new. Nansen took an Icelandic pony with him to Greenland, which he meant to employ with the boats and baggage on the floes, and, if they could get it so far, on the way up to the "Inland-ice." But, unfortunately, Nansen's hay ran out, and the pony was slaughtered before it could be turned to account.

Payer, it has been seen, between March 26 and April 12, starting from the *Tegethoff*, which was fixed in the ice in 79° 51' N. Lat., got to 82° 5', and returned to the ship on April 23, thus covering rather a greater distance in a similar number of days. He had two sledges, weighing with their loads 1,565 lbs., and for most of the way was accompanied by six men and three dogs.

The *Windward* got away at last, and arrived at Gravesend on October 22, 1895. It is intended that she shall go out again in next June, taking fresh supplies and men. In the meantime Mr. Jackson is passing his second winter at Cape Flora, and his third consecutive winter in the Arctic

regions ; and, provided all has gone happily, we may expect to hear next year of discoveries to his east, west, and north, which will go far to settle the extent of the congeries or archipelago of islands that at present is called Franz Josef Land.

EDWARD WHYMPER.



LONDON DRIVING.

SPEND half an hour at Hyde Park Corner and notice the number of ways in which it is possible for man to drive. The difference may be slight between any two drivers, but among the hundreds what a wide range there is of character and skill ! Good carriages are many, good horses not so many, and good drivers much fewer. Many men who know what they are talking about, tell us that our carriages are driven worse than they ever were, comparatively speaking ; that is to say, the good drivers have not increased in proportion to the number of vehicles. In these days of jobbing it seems in many cases as though the horses were jobbed from one establishment, and the driver from another, in order that the driver may worry the horse out of form as soon as possible.

Of course good driving is essentially never conspicuous. The well-driven equipage passes so

easily and naturally that there is nothing about it that calls for remark. The horses are under perfect control, and yet travel in comfort to themselves and to those behind them. They seem to find their way round the corner as unconsciously as the people on the footpath. A mere turn of the left wrist, only perceptible to those who are on the look-out for it, takes them clear of any obstacle and in and out any crowd. The reins are not conspicuously slack or conspicuously tight, and the harness everywhere is as it should be.

But how few there are like this ! A single brougham comes along, an admirable turn-out in every way ; the horse a well-made, quiet, good-natured looking animal as ever was, and the driver is a pleasant intelligent man with a rein in each hand, his left knuckles near his chin, and his right near his trousers' pocket. He is followed by a

determined individual driving a pair, and leaning right out forward over the taut reins as if he were preparing to go out hand over hand along them. Behind him is a driver at the opposite angle, lolling back in a heap with his arms a-kimbo, and resting his hands in his lap with a rein in each. Here is another pair with one horse shouldering the pole and the other spreading away from it, and the driver beaming with satisfaction as if all were as it should be. When anyone attempts to cross the road matters become really amusing. One anxious man driving a pair of showy German steppers manifestly does not know what to do with his whip, and hurriedly gets it somehow over his right shoulder, while he clutches the reins like grim death, so as to be ready for a long pull and a strong pull at the critical moment.

Where do these men come from that gentlemen should entrust their wives and daughters to their care? The wages are good, the life is not a hard one, notwithstanding its long hours in the season, and there are numbers of young fellows who know their way about horses, in the best sense, who must be available. How well our hansoms are driven as a rule! And yet a cabby's life is from all accounts far more arduous than that of a gentleman's coachman. Look how excellently our omnibuses are driven. Taken as a whole, there are no better drivers in the world than the men who pilot their twelve inside and fourteen out through the traffic maze of London. And so it is with nearly all our business vehicles, barring of course the red Royal Mail, whose drivers, assuming a right to the whole of the road, are perfectly careless as to what they do, and are quite as bad as our carriage coachmen.

Some people tell us it is all owing to brakes and bearing reins; but these have no more to do with it than conic sections. The fact is that half our carriage drivers are not coachmen, and never will be coachmen. They have no sympathy for their horses and no talent for their trade. The horses may be ruined in no time, and the master pays and takes no further interest in the matter. He looks upon a carriage as necessarily expensive, and having in nine cases out of ten no knowledge of driving takes whatever comes along, growls occasionally, and settles the bill by bankruptcy or otherwise. The greatest jobmaster in London called our attention to this matter over a twelve-month ago, and we have been watching it ever since. Every word he said we have proved to be true. It is time some one should speak out, for the way in which our horses of pleasure are worried and spoilt is neither more nor less than scandalous.

The wonder is that carriage accidents are so few. In many cases we have noticed it was evidently unsafe to trust life and limb to such a driver's mercy. And then there is the value of the property. You can get a pair of omnibus horses for £70, or say £80 at the outside, while many of these carriage horses are worth £200 apiece. Consider the carriages. You cannot get a new victoria for less than ninety guineas, a single brougham will cost you as much, a double brougham will run you into perhaps a hundred and fifty guineas, a barouche means perhaps two hundred, a landau perhaps fifty

more, and some of the big chariots that come out on great occasions have cost five hundred and more. Of course the owners can presumably afford it, but it certainly would appear somewhat venturesome to put from £500 to £1000 at the tender mercies of a man who is obviously unfit for his duties. Our forefathers, who were all good growlers, notwithstanding the traditional mirth of merrie England, had always a sneer at the "gardener" or "country coachman" who drove their neighbour's carriage, but it is difficult to imagine that incapacity was as conspicuous in their time as it is now. We have seen really first-class horses that have been sent out in the perfection of training and condition, so messed about with bad handling in the course of a single season, that it has taken another season to get them into form again. And think what a time it takes to produce the London carriage horse. Most of these horses come from Ireland; many of them hail from Yorkshire and South Durham; an increasing proportion reach us from Belgium and Hanover and Mecklenburg, and some are even sent here from Vienna, while a few are Canadians. Take a Yorkshire colt, for instance—he is of no use on the farm; all he can do is to run about and improve in value. When two years old he perhaps changes hands and comes into the possession of a farmer who thinks he can make something out of him, and for two years more he has practically nothing to do. It is not until he is four years old that he is sold for London, and is seriously taken in hand to be trained. As it is with him, so it is with the Irish horse, the only difference being that instead of changing hands privately he is bought and sold at the fairs. The breeder brings him to the fair when three years old, and his first purchaser has to keep him through the winter unless he finds him not quite up to the mark, when he invariably gets quit of him before Ballinasloe fair, which takes place in October. It is not until March or April that the London buyers set out, and they naturally take the pick of the Irish dealer's stock. They pay perhaps £100 apiece for them, raw as they are, and it requires no little judgment to choose a promising horse in that state. It does not take more than twenty-four hours to get the purchases out of Ireland, and on to the farms around London, which the dealers and jobmasters use as elementary schools, and there the trouble begins. The new arrival has first to be acclimatised, and in most cases nursed and doctored through a series of ailments. His breaking is a long process; he has to be mouthed, to be practised with the longeing rein, to be taught to carry a rough rider, to be broken and trained to harness, to learn all the fashionable airs and graces, to be driven on the country roads, and then finish his education in the London parks and streets. In fact, it is not until his fifth year that he is really presentable and able to earn his food. No wonder that a carriage horse costs money. And when one considers how carefully he has been treated and trained it certainly seems rather too bad that he should be spoilt in a few months by some clumsy fellow who has not taken the trouble to learn the first rudiments of his trade.

Driving in the ordinary way is easy enough if men would only attend and observe. Good

examples are multitudinous and always on view. Books there are many, but we say nothing about books; what is wanted chiefly is observation. Practice must be constant, but it must be practice with a view to improvement. The omnibus man knows that his living depends on his keeping his horses up and his passengers safe, and is soon chaffed into style by his mates. These men are not all born with a horse-cloth over their knees. Some of them have never handled a rein until a month or so before they have gone on the box. So it is with the cabmen, who are a much more mixed lot, and not such good drivers on the whole, which is mainly owing to the fact that their responsibility is less, and that they can make the round of the yards, for if one master will not trust them with a horse they go on to another, till they reach the deplorable, both in horse and growler.

The fastest vehicles that go through London—always excepting the fire engines—are the railway parcels carts. Many of the men began as railway porters, and yet the driving is generally good. Some of it is not highly finished perhaps, but still it is not conspicuously foolish. Even the news-cart men thread their way through the crowd in workmanlike style, rough as the driving may sometimes be. We have never seen a newsman driving like one of Leech's mossos, as we have seen a coachman with a cockade driving along by the Serpentine. And of course a carriage coachman who drives badly is more noticeable than the driver of a tradesman's cart.

London driving is a very different thing to country driving. To begin with, the roadway changes so frequently and unexpectedly. What with macadam rolled and rough, and granite squares, and wood, and asphalt, now in this order, now in that, the horse has to be very careful of his footing where the change comes, and the driver must be on the alert to assist him. Then the cross-roads are so numerous, the stream of traffic so varied, the blocks at the street corners so many and embarrassing, that the young man from the country requires an effort to keep his head clear. On the country road he has had to pass, perhaps, one vehicle in a quarter of a mile, in London he has to pass a hundred in the same distance. But this does not affect the way he sits his seat and uses his hands. Under no circumstances, if he had been properly trained, would he hold his hands a foot apart with a rein in each.

If he were to think it out, he would see that it must be better in every way to drive with the left hand and keep the right in reserve for emergencies. Further, that it is better for the horse to draw willingly and steadily than to be constantly reminded that the man at the end of the reins does not know what to do next. For the horse knows instantly who is driving him and the extent of liberty he may take.

Horses go differently with different drivers, and it is always with the quiet light-handed ones that they go fastest and longest. A good horse with a good driver will do fifteen miles a day for five days a week, and keep on at it week after week; but give him a worrying driver and he will soon become obviously incapable of such work. And the driver will get very tired of his work also, for the curious part of driving is that what is best for the horse is best for the man. That hard, dead pull at the reins, that some people are so proud of, not only spoils the horse but wearies the driver's hand and wrist.

The art of driving with one hand was probably discovered by the necessity of keeping the right hand free for the whip or weapon. It is here that a point is made by those who think the brake is responsible for so much bad driving. "In former times," says the Duke of Beaufort, "when there was no brake for carriages, it was absolutely necessary for a man to drive with one hand, because when going down a steep hill with a heavy load, and with tired and jaded horses, it was very often only possible to keep in the road by the use of the whip. Horses have a habit of hanging, so to speak, to one side or the other, to such an extent that nothing but a smart flick over the shoulder or the neck will straighten them, or prevent the vehicle from running into the ditch; and if, before the days of brakes, a coachman had attempted the wretched modern practice of driving with a rein in each hand, he would most assuredly have upset his load." But there were two-handed drivers before there were brakes, as any reference to the old popular prints and caricatures will show; and there are many vehicles now that are not fitted with brakes that have two-handed drivers to steer them, and there are others fitted with brakes which incompetent drivers are too nervous and clumsy to use.

Driving clubs have one merit at all events. They show owners of horses how to drive not only four horses, but two, and even one; for after all the general method is the same. Go to the Magazine in Hyde Park at one of the meets, and you will see as good driving as you wish. We do not say that all the four-in-hands are equally well driven, but there is not much to complain of even on the part of those who have made "the ribbons" a life-long study. If people would only accustom their eye to good driving they would soon detect the bad, and there would be a considerable change for the better among the so-called coachmen, much to the advantage of our better class horses.

We say nothing of beginners. Beginners have no place in a London crowd. They should practise single-handed in all senses, in the suburbs and quiet squares, and thereby earn the thanks of horses and men.

W. J. GORDON.



MOMOTARO ;

OR, THE PEACH BOY.

TRANSLATED BY S. BALLARD.

[These Japanese fairy tales have been translated from a Japanese version which has recently been published in Tokyo. The illustrations are from the same source.

It would be hard to find the man, woman, or child in Japan that does not know the story of Momotaro. He is Jack the Giant-killer of Japan.

It is difficult to get any trustworthy information as to the origins of Japanese fairy tales, but as far as I am able to ascertain, the story of Momotaro, though only known in its present form for about 300 years, has a more ancient origin. The original of Momotaro was a Chinese Buddhist priest named Sanzo, who went to India to study the sacred writings. On his way he met with strange animals and had many adventures, which are related in a Chinese book, the Saiyaki.]

IT was the beginning of summer. The ground was covered with a sheet of soft green, and the willows on the banks of the river were shaking out their tassels. Every now and then a soft breeze ruffled the surface of the water. The green all round and the summer air gave a delicious feeling that cannot be put into words.

On the bank of the river an O baa San¹ sat washing clothes. She had chosen a good place for her basket, and taking the clothes one by one was washing them in water so clear that you could see the stones at the bottom and the crazy darts of the little minnows as plainly as if they had been in your hands.

Suddenly there came rolling down with the stream the most enormous round soft-looking peach.

"Well," said the O baa San, "I am sixty years, but never have I seen such a wonderful-looking peach. It must be delicious to eat." She looked round for a stick to reach it with, but there was none. She was perplexed for a moment, then clapping her hands and nodding her head she sang the words :

"Far waters are bitter, near waters are sweet—
Leave the bitter, come to the sweet."

These words she sang three times, when, strange to say, the peach rolled over till it was just in front of her.

"How delighted the old man will be!" she thought as she picked it up. She then packed up her clothes and hurried home. When she saw the Ojü San returning from the mountains, where he had been cutting grass, she ran out to meet him, and showed him the peach.

"Dear me," said the Ojü San, "it is wonderful ; where did you buy it?" "Buy it? I did not buy it." And then the O baa San told the story.

"I feel hungry," said the Ojü San, "let us have a feast at once." So they got out a board to cut it on and a knife, but just as the Ojü San was going to cut it he heard a clear child's voice, which said, "Ojü San, wait!" and at that moment the peach fell

in two and out there danced a little boy. Was not this a strange thing? The Ojü San and O baa San thought so, and they were nearly fainting with surprise, when the boy said :

"Do not be afraid of me. You have often lamented that you have no child, and the gods



A WONDERFUL PEACH.

being touched with pity have sent me down to be your child."

Was not this delightful for the old couple? They did not know how to express their gratitude for this unexpected favour.

As he had come to them in a peach they called the child Momotaro, or Peach Boy. The years passed very quickly, and as Momotaro grew up he

¹ In reading the words Ojü San and O baa San, the word jü is pronounced as in "gee up, horse!" and Baa, the same as in "baa baa, black sheep."

became remarkable for his beauty, his bravery, and above all his great strength.

One day he came to the Ojū San and said :

"Father, for many years your kindness has been higher than the mountains on which you cut the grass, and deeper than the river where the O baa San washes her clothes. How can I thank you?"

"Do not thank us," said the Ojū San; "it will pain us if you do so; besides which, when we grow old we shall be dependent on you, so you will not be indebted to us."

"While I am still so much indebted to you I do not like to leave you," said Momotaro, "but still I have a request to make: please give me leave to go away for a short time."

"Go away! where to?"

"From the earliest ages," said Momotaro, "in the north of Japan, separated from the mainland by the sea, is an island which is inhabited by demons. These demons do not obey the gods of Japan, but follow their own wicked devices. They are rascals who steal both people and treasure, but I mean to crush them with one blow, and to bring back all their stolen riches. For this purpose I wish to leave you."

The Ojū San was at first speechless with astonishment, but as he considered the matter he remembered that Momotaro having been sent down by the gods was not likely to receive any injury, so he said: "As you wish to go I will not stop you. Indeed, as these demons are the enemies of Japan, the sooner you destroy them and restore peace to your country the better."

Momotaro was very glad that the Ojū San had so willingly given permission, and preparations for his journey were begun at once. The O baa San got out her stored up millet and made him some dumplings, and then got his clothes ready.

When the time came for him to start the old couple saw him off with tears in their eyes.

"Take care of yourself. May you return victorious," they said.

"And you also, please to take care of yourselves," said Momotaro.

He pressed on as quickly as he could on his journey, till when it was midday he sat down to eat his dinner. He had just taken out one of the dumplings, when suddenly beside him there appeared a dog, who, showing his teeth, began to bark. "Wan! Wan!" barked the dog, "you have come into my territory without leave, so if you do not at once give me your dinner I will devour you."

Momotaro smiled scornfully. "You desert dog," he said, "I am going forth to fight the enemies of Japan, and if you come in my way I will slay you."

"I did not know that it was Momotaro," said the dog, cowering down and putting his tail between his legs. "I humbly beg your honourable pardon for my rude conduct. Please allow me to accompany you to fight the enemies of our country."

"I have no objection to your coming," said Momotaro.

"Nothing would give me so much pleasure," said the dog, "but as I am very hungry, will you please give me something to eat?"

"Here is a Japanese dumpling for you," said Momotaro.

When the dog had eaten the dumpling they hurried on. They had crossed many mountains and valleys, when suddenly, as they were hurrying along, an animal sprung down from a tree, and, bowing down in front of Momotaro, said:

"Is this not the great Momotaro going to make war against the enemies of Japan? Pray allow me to accompany you."

The dog came angrily forward. "You mountain monkey, of what use would you be in the war? I alone accompany the great Momotaro."

Now the dog and the monkey never can be friends, and of course this speech made the monkey very angry.

"You think a great deal of yourself," said the monkey, preparing to fight. He could not draw his sword, for the monkey does not generally carry a sword, but showing his teeth and sharpening his nails, approached the dog. Just then Momotaro stepped forward.

"Stop," said he, "do not be so hasty, dog. This monkey is not a bad fellow, and I intend to enrol him as one of my vassals." So saying he gave the monkey half of a dumpling, which the monkey ate and so became one of Momotaro's retainers. But it was no easy matter to make these two go peaceably along together. So at last Momotaro hit upon the plan of giving his standard to the dog and making him walk in front, while he gave his sword to the monkey, who walked behind, while Momotaro himself walked in the middle carrying only his fan.¹

And so they hurried on their way, when suddenly, as they were entering a wilderness, a wonderful bird sprang from the ground. His body was clothed with a feather robe of the five colours, and his head plumage was of the deepest crimson.

The dog seeing the bird thought he would devour him at one mouthful, but Momotaro sprang forward and prevented this.

"He is a curious bird and may be of use to us," he said. "Bird, do you wish to interrupt my journey? if so, the dog shall bite off your head. But if you submit to me you may become my vassal."

The bird, instantly kneeling down in front of Momotaro, said: "Is this the great Momotaro of whose expedition I have heard a rumour? I am called the pheasant, and am a humble bird that lives in the wilderness. Pray allow me to accompany you to fight the enemies of Japan."

The dog stepped forward. "Does this low fellow go with us?" he said.

"It is no business of yours, dog," said Momotaro. "But I give you three animals warning that if there is the slightest quarrelling between you I will send you back that very moment. In war a good position is better than good luck, but union is better than either good luck or good position. However weak the enemy, we cannot be victorious if we do not fight together."

¹ This would be his "gunsen," or war fan. Before the Japanese army was modelled on the European system, an officer's equipment included a fan, partly made of iron, with which he pointed when giving his orders.

The three animals listened with the greatest reverence and promised implicit obedience, and after the pheasant had been enrolled in their ranks by receiving the customary half dumpling, they again hurried on their way.

At last they came to the sea ! Not even the smallest island was in sight, nothing to be seen but waves. It looked as if some monster lay at the bottom of the sea stirring it up.

Now the dog, the monkey, and the pheasant are all animals that live on the dry land, and though the steepest cliff and deepest valley could not frighten them, yet when they saw the rolling up and down of the waves they stood quite speechless.

Momotaro, seeing this, said in a loud voice, "*Now*, my vassals, why do you hesitate ? Do you fear the ocean ? You cowards ! It would have been better to have come alone than to have had such companions, but I will now dismiss you. Return !" The three animals were much pained at hearing these reproaches, and, clinging to Momotaro, besought him not to send them away. As they really seemed to be plucking up courage, he at last consented, and they began to prepare a boat.

There was a favourable wind, and after they set out the receding shore was soon lost to sight in the morning haze. At first the animals were very unhappy, but they gradually became accustomed to the motion, and then they used to stand on deck looking eagerly for the appearance of the island. At last for want of occupation each animal began to show off his own particular accomplishment : the dog sat up and begged, the monkey played tricks, and the pheasant, not to be outdone, began to sing a mournful kind of song.

All this was a great amusement to Momotaro, and before he knew it the island was close at hand. They saw a rock carved out as with a chisel, on the top of which was a gate and barrier of iron. The houses were closely crowded together, and their roofs were also of iron. Many flags were flying ; indeed it seemed an impregnable fortress. Momotaro, seeing this, turned to the pheasant : " Lucky you have wings," he said ; " now fly to the island and find out what they are doing—those island demons." The pheasant, bowing low, instantly obeyed his orders and flew to the island, where he found the demons all assembled on the roofs of their houses.

" Listen, you island demons," sang the pheasant ; " the messenger of the great Sun Goddess is coming with an army to destroy you. If you wish to save your lives yield at once."

" You vain pheasant !" laughed the demons. " We will soon let you feel our weapons." And so saying, they girded up their garments of tiger skin and seized their weapons. But the pheasant, who is naturally a very strong bird, swept down and with one peck took off the head of a red demon.¹ Then began a fierce battle, but very soon the gate burst open and the dog and the monkey rushed in, raging like lions. The demons, who thought that they had only to do with one bird, were much alarmed, and began to fight furiously. Even the children of the red, black, and blue demons all joined, and the

sound of their yells as it mingled with the sound of the waves beating on the shore was truly terrible. But they soon got the worst of it, some falling from the rocks and some dying by the power of the teeth of the dog, the monkey, and the pheasant.

Till at last only the head demon was left ; and finally he, throwing away his weapons, broke off his horns as a sign of submission.

With his hands full of treasures he knelt down before Momotaro in a spider-like fashion, and with tears streaming down his cheeks. " Great Momotaro," he said, " spare my life ! From to-day I shall reform ; only spare me !"

Momotaro laughed scornfully.

" You coward, only thinking of your life ! For many years you have persecuted and killed innocent people, so now you shall receive no pity. We will take you a prisoner to Japan, and there your head will be cut off and stuck on a gate as a warning to all who see it."

So the monkey tying a rope round the demon led him prisoner. They also carried away with them the hoarded treasures of the demons. There was coral, and tortoise and pearls, not to speak of magic coats and umbrellas which made the person who used them quite invisible. All these things were put in the boat, and great was the joy of the Oju San and O baa San when they saw Momotaro return victorious.

And they lived happily ever after.

WOMEN INSPECTORS.

THE recent appointment of two women as inspectors of elementary day schools brings the number of State Departments according places on their permanent staffs to women up to four. These are the Post and Telegraph Department, the Board of Trade, the Home Office, and the Education Department. Except as regards the Post Office, this recognition of women as worthy of places in the service of the State has come slowly and gradually. Up to 1893, it is doubtful whether there was a woman on the establishment staffs of any of the Government offices at Whitehall. The innovation was made in March 1893, when Mr. Mundella, at that time President of the Board of Trade, reorganised and greatly enlarged the Labour Department. A woman was then appointed to the position of Assistant Labour Correspondent ; and in the same year, when new labour legislation led to the reinforcement of the staff of the Home Office, several women were appointed as inspectors, and from time to time since then the number has been increased. Nor have the municipal bodies been much quicker in giving recognition to women. The Metropolitan Asylums Board is said to be entitled to the credit of having acted as the pioneer in this movement. It first gave appointments on its clerical staff to women in 1893. Since then other municipal bodies have followed its example, and in various parts of the country women are to-day acting as sanitary inspectors, and as truant and inquiry officers under School Boards. It might have been expected that the very general introduction of the typewriter would have greatly accelerated the appointment of women to places on the clerical staffs of the Government Departments, and the various local governing bodies. It does not seem to have done so. The invention and the perfecting of the typewriter has had this effect to an enormous extent in the United States. There is hardly a public office in the country without its women typewriters, and when the Venezuelan Boundary Commission was appointed at Washington, one of the earliest acts of its president was to appoint a woman as typewriter to the Commission.

¹ In Japan there are red, black, and blue demons according to tradition.

FORESTWYK.

BY E. BOYD BAYLY, AUTHOR OF "JONATHAN MERLE," "ZACHARY BROUGH'S VENTURE," "WORKADAY STORIES," ETC.



HOW LOVELY IT SEEMS AFTER LONDON.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW world opened. Within eighteen hours after the train steamed out of Forestwyk, Molly had begun to feel as if the great house in Wicklow Square and all its ways, which awed her at first, had been familiar all her life. The very butler, a grave old family servant, watched her light movements with fatherly admiration, and Mr. Arrowhead's two elder sons were as much smitten as her old young admirers, Basil and Guy. The third boy was away from home.

Much to the general disappointment, Mr. Arrowhead was ordered out of town for the holiday, and he and his eldest son Jack were to start for Normandy on Saturday morning. He routed up the family for an early visit to the Royal Academy en route, resolved to stand by Langdale on his return

to the old place after twelve years' absence. It was Alcie and Molly's first sight of any large collection of pictures, and when they entered Gallery No. III, their state of admiration was quite refreshing. Mr. Arrowhead showed Alcie where two of her father's paintings had hung when those rooms were first opened, opposite Landseer's great picture of "Eagles Invading a Swannery." Their eyes turned to follow Langdale himself, the life of the party, all his sad memories put out of sight. Even Alcie could not guess how deep they went—how bitterly he was feeling that he had lost his day; all that could be seen was playful pleasure.

A tall, dark-haired man entered, with a lady at his side. It was Derwent Storr. A note from Emily the previous evening had told that the brother and sister were staying in town, though the family had left, and asked for a tryst. Somehow

the trembling moment of the meeting passed, and Alcie grew quite calm and independent as she saw how Mr. Storr's eye was caught by Molly. And yet, as the morning wore on—and the evening too, for the Storrs came to dinner, and came again on Sunday afternoon, and Derwent on Monday evening—she felt in his manner all the difference a man can make between the girl he likes to play with and the woman he uses as his friend.

Mr. Storr had to come again on Monday evening to bring the curator's answer, offering admission to the Zoo through his private door as early as the artist pleased; and, having come, he stayed the evening.

By seven o'clock on Tuesday morning Alcie and her father were driving rapidly through the silent streets towards Regent's Park. They entered, by special favour, through the curator's grounds, and went straight to the line of deer-sheds opposite the reptile house.

The tall Wapiti deer stood looking over the railings with his great wistful eyes. The fallow deer's yard was empty. The keeper called, and out came a creature exquisitely graceful, its white, dainty limbs slender in proportion to their burden as the stem of a rose, its small head poised upon a long elegant neck. But the eyelashes were snow-white, and drooped over the soft black eyes; and either this, or the buds sticking up where horns should be, gave the creature a supercilious air. The poise of the fair head, the half-shut eyes, the fine, dainty, delicate aspect, all spoke the society belle, not the angel of mercy gliding through the world. Langdale gave one sigh of delight in her beauty—then sighed again; he was disappointed.

Still, for everything but countenance, she was perfect—a vision of grace, strangely out of keeping with the bare patch of ground and wooden palisades which made her setting. From the moment when he set eyes upon her, the creature was feminine; only the keeper thought of it as anything but a hind. Every attitude, every toss of the fair head, betokened the lady.

The keeper unlocked a gate and took the visitors round to the back of the sheds; he brought chairs, and Langdale established himself within the threshold of his model's home. All the creatures walked in and out of their doors, excited.

"Ah, they think I've got something for them," said the man.

Langdale sat studying his subject for awhile, and then began to work. He was true to his old love of chalks for flying effects. Alcie put his things ready, and then tried to coax the deer into position with green stuff which the good-natured keeper brought. Langdale caught several charming postures, but not one was his white hind—they were all the lofty lady fair, not the angel. The hind grew restless, and would not be coaxed any longer.

"If the lady could sing, now," said another keeper, who had paused to look on.

Alcie was not used to sing alone, but at the word she sang to the captive deer—

"Oh, the heart is a free and fetterless thing,
A wave of the ocean, a bird on the wing."

Her voice rang back from the row of sheds and

the brick walls opposite. All the deer came out into their yards, and stood stretching their necks over the palisades. A barrier, and a graceful head leaning over it, with dark yearning eyes intent—another barrier, and more eyes—eyes of a captive, strained towards her; that was her vista. In front, the white hind stood transfixed, the white lashes lifted from her soft dark eyes, her fair head reared in the expectant, wistful attitude which the poem-picture asked for, her trembling nostrils seeming to snuff the air upon some eager quest. If she moved, Alcie had only to return upon high notes to restore her to rapt stillness. Over and over that Song of the Captive Greek Girl was repeated, and Alcie encored herself upon the last lines—

"It may break, it may burst, but its captor shall see
That, even in ruins, it dares to be free."

"Even in ruins," "Even in ruins," she repeated, singing louder than she ever dreamed she could, and the soft ears and eyes and branching horns were all still—spell-bound.

Suddenly her voice quivered and failed. Her heart gave an ungovernable leap, and the colour rushed to her face, for outside the front rail stood Derwent Storr, lifting his hat to her.

A peacock opposite uttered its loud harsh cry. For once in its life the squawk was welcome. Everyone burst out laughing.

"You are not to carry off the honours undivided," said Derwent. "Oh, what a beauty!" as the peacock spread his tail.

"Is it really past nine?" said Langdale.

"It must be, or I could not have got in," said Derwent. "Now, can I spare your voice, Miss Langdale, if I try what I can do?"

He tried, but had to go into falsetto, and the scene was changed—as though the dumb, imprisoned hearers, with their wistful eyes, were being made game of.

"That will do. Thank you," said Langdale. "Now, dear Alcie, go and rest; you have been standing for an hour and more."

Her chair was covered with his materials. "Shall I let the lady out?" said the keeper, with alacrity.

"Yes, go, dear," said Langdale. "I shall do best alone, now."

Alcie obeyed, and found herself on the path beside Mr. Storr. There were no seats at hand.

"What have you seen yet?" asked Derwent.

"Nothing, except as we went past."

"Oh, you must see the lions; they are not far off."

They walked away together, the keeper's eyes following the two young figures with fatherly interest. This struck him as a very pretty finish to the entertainment. Langdale's heart would fain have gone with them too, but drawing from a live animal is like performing an operation, for the demand it makes on every faculty—no stray thoughts allowed.

Derwent and Alcie wandered down a side-walk, past the cattle sheds, pausing on the way to look at beasts and flowers. Alcie's eyes lingered on the dewy grass so wistfully that her companion said: "Are you pitying some insect there?"

"No, I was thinking of the deer," said Alcie. She was haunted by her vision of the captive creatures, with their great pathetic eyes, drinking in that song of the free heart—as if they understood! Their fleet limbs ought to be carrying them over the moorlands, or deep into shady woods, instead of pacing those bare yards.

"They are happy and comfortable," said Derwent, "well fed and cared for; and they have forgotten the sweets of liberty."

"That is just it," said Alcie. "They can only be happy by having their natures stultified—living to eat and drink and be petted."

"They are enjoying the modern ideal," said Derwent. "No struggle for existence—no hardship, no domestic cares—health and habits always under the control of superior intelligence. Civilised life is to be turned into a universal Zoo—everybody controlled and provided for."

"But where are the keepers to come from?" said Alcie.

"That strikes me as a weak point in the programme."

They had reached the wild beasts, and paused before the tiger, pacing backwards and forwards. Alcie pitied him.

"Would you really let him out to rove and roar, and eat up antelopes and missionaries!" said Derwent. "Mend your morals, pray. He is very well off."

"He doesn't think so," said Alcie, and passed on, leaving that image of unrest raging to and fro, to and fro—the wild nature cribbed and cabined—and nothing to gain by it, for him.

"Pain in man

Bears the high mission of the flail and fan.

In brutes, 'tis purely piteous."

It was going to be a hot day. Derwent and Alcie went round to the back of the building, and sat down to rest in the shade, opposite one of the great outdoor cages, where lay a pair of lions basking in the sun. Hardly any visitors had come to the Gardens yet: the two friends were alone together—alone and happy. The grand old lion lay blinking his eyes, in the calm dignity of a position accepted, happy too. He would not demean himself to show his impotence by dashing against the bars; he had brought his mind to his circumstances.

The lioness at his side awoke, and began playing with a block of wood, rolling and tossing it about as a kitten would a ball. Presently her consort rose—as majestic in motion as in rest—went to her and tenderly licked her head.

"Let us look nearer," said Alcie.

"Are you rested enough? You have 'some one to sit by' this morning, remember," said Derwent. "You are in my charge."

He had no need to tell her so—the pleasant feeling of it was only too strong and conscious all the time. Alcie felt her heart flutter a little and her colour too, and Derwent looked at her again, so kindly that she was glad to turn her face to the lions and talk about them. She went to the barrier and stood watching the great claws playing with their large toy, and the terrible teeth showing.

"Fancy being in those claws," she said, and added, almost without knowing it, "*Christianus sum.*" "*Christianus ad leonem!*" In sight of those teeth and claws they said it, and went to the lions.

"Here comes his majesty," said Derwent, as the lion came in sight again, and bent over his queen. The two great creatures fondled one another, and Derwent asked Alcie if they were not happy enough to please her. "With the bars for a background," he added. "Now, if your father would paint that, and call it 'Love is Enough'!"

"Oh, if he could!" exclaimed Alcie. "He has never studied animals much, except deer and horses, but I believe he could learn any animal if he tried."

"I see you are yearning for his development," said Derwent, as they turned to walk back. "What about your own? Don't you think it may be at least as important as the tiger's?"

"I suppose it may," said Alcie. Again the lurking, conscious sweetness of his care over her, which she had managed to put away while they talked about lions, came back and thrilled, too strongly.

"Has it never occurred to you," said Derwent, quite gravely, "that it is you, not Mr. Langdale, who have life before you?"

"Oh, I hope he has, still," exclaimed Alcie, forgetting everything else. "He is not sixty yet. Some men paint till they are eighty. If he might but work out his heart and soul at last, I would be perfectly happy."

"And renounce everything you care for yourself, without a sigh, to serve him?" said Derwent, with a look she could not help liking—so kind, yet half reproachful.

"He would never let me," said Alcie. "But there is nothing I care for so much as helping him. And isn't it really best—best economy? When his gifts are so much greater than mine, could I do anything better, for myself and the world, than set him more free to use them, by doing his hack work?"

"You speak the *beau idéal* of the old-fashioned woman," said Derwent; "herself to be stultified, as you call it, altogether, for the sake of some fortunate man."

"No, it is he who has stultified himself for me," said Alcie indignantly. "It was for me—I know it—that he gave up painting pictures, and kept to decorative work, because of the pay. And for one woman who crushes down anything in her worth talking about, there are ten men suppressing themselves and putting all their intellect into what will pay, to support their wives and children. We have a great deal more liberty than you, because you stand between us and necessity."

"I won't quite accept your generalisation," said Derwent; "but in your own case"—his voice grew very gentle—"you have made me understand the exceptional pleasure it evidently is to you to see Mr. Langdale going back into his normal lines. I give you joy of it. You are quite right, he may have a career yet. I trust he will. I see, whenever you can help him, at any cost, you must do it. But may I once say what I think?"

"Oh, please," said Alcie, with secret eagerness.

"You have given me leave, remember," said

Derwent, half frightening her, lest something very severe should be coming. "I know you won't suspect me of wanting to pay you compliments, but seriously—you spoke of Mr. Langdale's gifts as greater than yours. Are they?"

Alcie was too much surprised to answer, and he went on: "In art, of course, you are an infant to him; but there are things higher even than art. I want you to recognise it as a duty not to spend *your* life in those indoor and outdoor pieties which are beautiful and sufficing to the average woman. You are anything but an average woman. Do not make a captive deer of yourself."

"What can I do?" said Alcie.

"Follow your own instincts in mental development, and save time to do it. Is there no one else to do that hack work?"

"Oh yes, and they do it. I do only the things that must be done at home or keep him waiting."

"Then do as little of it as you can, instead of as much—which would be your instinct," said Derwent. "Keep in touch with the world. That takes time. Emily and I will keep you on the lines, if you will make time to read up."

"But what is the good of it?" said Alcie. "I can't write, and I can't spout, and I hate teaching. It seems only selfish for *me* to cultivate my mind."

"Wait and see," said Derwent. "Every year brings new developments—fresh openings for cultivated women. There are spheres of influence, as well as of labour."

"But Woodside is quite out of them," said Alcie.

Something rushed across his face, and was followed by a set look, and an evident hesitation. This able man of the world was at a loss, for once. Then he said gravely, "If your ambitions for your father are fulfilled, will he be able to remain at Forestwyk?"

Alcie felt a sudden throb and pang together. Almost every tie she had was in Forestwyk. Then she looked into Derwent's eyes, and felt them drawing her. Her own went down again.

"Of course it would be a good while first," said Derwent; "but years pass quickly."

Imminent need brought back all Alcie's self-command. "Considering that these pictures are not properly begun yet," she said lightly, "isn't this rather like counting the chickens before the milkmaid has even milked the cow?"

"This pail is not going to be upset," said Derwent gaily, taking her cue; "I prophesy that these pictures are going to be a tremendous success. I wonder how the hind has been behaving."

They were in sight of Langdale now. The sun had moved round, the lights were getting all wrong and misleading, and it was time to go. Mr. Storr went to call a cab while Langdale gathered up his things, but declined a lift.

"Has it been a good day, father?" asked Alcie, as they drove off.

"I hope so, dear—a happy morning. And I hope you have had a pleasant one?" said Langdale, turning to her with a lurking twinkle in his eye. Alcie coloured up, relieved and yet abashed at the playful touch—as though it was rather "young work," as Mr. Brough would say, on her part, to

take matters so seriously. And yet, how much more she knew about Mr. Storr than he did, or anybody but their two selves!

She noticed that in her father's report of the morning, Mr. Storr was not mentioned.

Molly was greatly excited to hear of the musical entertainment, and begged to go too next day, and sing to the deer. Alcie eagerly supported her, and the day was planned accordingly. Alcie was sent away to rest, and lay still, broad awake, trying to analyse the sensations of the morning. It was like trying to dissect a fragrance—the elements escaped her, and the lingering, intangible sweetness stayed. She had to yield to it, and let those gentle looks and tones possess and fill her—"repeating, repeating the very same song" all day—a song without words. And all day long she felt the yearning, ineffable tenderness of her father's manner, as though he wanted her to be very conscious of the shelter of his love.

They were going to a private concert that evening. When the two girls were dressed, they stood, as often before in these few days, side by side before a long glass, and Alcie saw the contrast between Molly's glowing, dimpled beauty—her round white arms and little soft white neck—and her own pale, straight-lined face, with almost a hollow in the long cheek, and arms and neck too thin to be shown at all. Of course she did not see the soul in her own eyes; it is only by the rarest accident that a soul ever catches sight of itself in the glass. She saw the want of loveliness in form and hue; and there is something very appealing to a girl, conscious of the lack of beauty, in being sought by a man who has the gift and admires it in others, yet finds in her something that he cares for even more.

At last the day was over. Alcie lay down in her bed, as she was bid, and gave the reins to thought.

"It must be a long time first, but years pass quickly."

Scenes in those coming years whirled before her mind—her father's pictures hung, their praise in everyone's mouth—press notices, fame, commissions—Alick able to take his place in Mr. Constable's business, except for special work which could be done anywhere; a little home in London, in the flow of those throbbing tides compared with which life in Forestwyk seemed like a silent pool; herself a rower in them, and Mr. Storr coming in and out, helping her. And when the quick, full years had fled—what then? It was impossible to review the past and not feel that he wanted her to be getting ready for something. If it were *one* thing!

But yesterday, any such thought had been driven out of her head like a cardinal sin. Now, it was conscience that drove it home and commanded her to look it straight in the face. The barriers of circumstance, which had strengthened her in putting it out of mind before, were gone at a touch—all but one. One remained, insuperable, but not perhaps immovable; but that one had nothing to do with the years of friendship, only with the far, far off possible climax, and Alcie dismissed it. Conscience itself could not drag her and the remote contingency into such close quarters as that.

But now or never she must decide whether this deepening friendship, with all its thrilling sweetness, ought to go on or not. Hitherto, through life, she had had to take things as they came. With a new, overwhelming sense of individual power to will, she realised that this thing was in her hand to take or leave as she might choose. She could stop now. Drifting on might end in finding out that her heart had slipped away from her unasked.

If that were all, the risk was lawful. If Mr. Storr cared less for her instead of more, as the years went by, she was certain that her own instincts would know it and recoil; she would change too. But that was not all. Already she could feel how the influence of his strong nature impressed and moulded hers, for good or evil, and it always tended towards pleasing herself.

Oh, if she knew him better! She never doubted him spotless, judged by the highest standard of high-minded men and women of the world; but in the judgment of the Shining Ones, what was he? She did not know, and it seemed to her that she ought, by this time, if he wanted really to make a friend of her. How easy for a man to whom words came so easily to have said enough to make a tacit understanding between them—even this morning, when they were standing by the lions! They had talked so freely about anything else; but never, by word or look, or even speaking silence, had he given her a clue to his inner relations with the Unseen.

True, he might say the same of her, as far as words went; yet she hardly thought he would; and this mutual dumbness was strange, unless there was either some great difference between them, or some grave flaw in their mutual affinities. Mr. Gundry was no talker; but no one could be intimate with him without perceiving that God *was* in all his thoughts. Alcie had waited for some token that it was so with Derwent Storr, and none had come. She was still waiting, and expecting; but till it came, she was afraid. Well she knew that if once her heart went from her, whoever had it would thenceforth be her absolute lord and master. Though they had both been Quakers or the Quakers, and never had heard a woman promise to obey her husband in their lives, that would make no difference. To resist him for conscience' sake would cost the best of her heart's blood—she doubted whether she could ever do it and live. She hoped she would do it and die, if need were; but might she never be tried!

Again the sweet memories of these happy days came back and quivered through her heart; but not as resisting temptation—rather as in dread of a supreme calamity—her cry went up, "Hear me, O Lord most mighty, O God most holy, Thou most worthy Judge Eternal: suffer me not, in *this* hour—not for the life of life—to fall from Thee."

CHAPTER XV.

MORNING came, and Alcie's mental exercise over solemn contingencies vanished with the darkness: she blushed to remember it in the broad light of day, and ran downstairs with Molly,

a girl out on holiday again. They had an early breakfast, a laughing drive—great game over Mollie's excitement. The hind proved lovely and aggravating as ever bright ladye: her expression depended on the position of her ears, and put them right she would not. Singing only made her prick them forward. Molly's presence was no advantage; she made too many efforts, and a third stranger excited the creature. Langdale's temper was severely tried. He had made small progress, and they were all growing tired when, just after nine o'clock, Mr. Storr appeared. There was a great change in the throb of Alcie's heart this day—no wild, frightened leap, but a deep sense of having all she wanted: he was there.

Molly's surprise told him that his previous visit had not been mentioned. She was all transparent pleasure, begging him to make the deer behave itself.

"I have brought something which ought to make an impression," said Derwent, and drew forth a penny whistle.

"Try it, sir," said the keeper, with a shrewd look. Derwent struck up a shrill performance of "Oh where, and oh where, is my Highland laddie gone?" The effect was magical. The deer rushed to the farther side of their yards, or bolted into their houses, to escape the dreadful sound. The white hind, her retreat cut off, slunk to the farthest corner she could reach, and stood there, cowering, a picture of distress.

"Stop. Mercy!" cried both the girls, but Derwent played on to the end, and then stopped, laughing. The white hind seemed to draw a breath, and recovered herself, but to a gentle subdued condition, with her ears well poised.

"See, you have brought her to book," said Langdale. "Now go away, all of you, and leave her quiet with me."

"Not me. Let me stay till we see how she settles," pleaded Alcie.

Langdale yielded, and Molly walked away with Derwent, the keeper looking after them somewhat doubtfully. He had given his sympathies to the first young lady, and was not at all sure that he liked the advent of a bewitching rival: he hoped to goodness that the gentleman knew his own mind.

Left in quietness, Langdale flew upon his work, and was soon in the right humour. The day was cloudy—he could take his model from any side; and he had almost learned her, so as to paint her as she walked about, provided that she kept her distance. He had brought a large study on canvas, prepared from his bits of the previous day, ready to be worked up. Alcie stayed by him, putting things to his hand, or keeping the hind in place, till Mr. Storr and Molly returned from a long round, and insisted that she must come and see the otters.

"Yes, go, dear," said Langdale. "I can do now. You have helped me enough."

He gave her one of his looks of loving thanks, and paused to watch her as she went away by Derwent's side, the young man's figure bent towards her.

"Thy mother's lot, my dear."

It was what he had always wished for her—if only this might prove the right, true love. God save her if it were not, with her deep heart! Everyone spoke well of this young man, and prophesied great things of his future. Langdale saw visions beyond what he had ever dared to hope. Then, with redoubled eagerness, he turned to his picture. He had renounced, for his child's sake, every attempt to tread the pathway back to name and fame; now, for her sake, he must win them back, please God, before she could be asked to take a place in the great world. She would become it. Day by day he watched her forming, gaining in poise of manner and the instincts of high place. His own loss in the matter was far off yet; and it might be small. He was not bound to Forestwyk. Then again he worked on, too much absorbed even for dreams, the old joyful passion in his touch.

The three young people roamed about, laughing like school-children at the ways of odd creatures, and bantering one another. They passed the cage where lamentable eagles gazed at that hour on a waste of empty chairs, and sat down at last to rest outside the flamingoes' enclosure—so large and high that the birds might easily forget that they are captives. The sight suggested observations on the invisible wires that close in human lives, and Derwent began talking of the needless limits which have cramped development until recent years, and are not wholly abolished yet. Alcie felt uneasy, for Molly was quite sufficiently disposed to kick against the traditions of her elders at all times.

"Shall we go back to the deer?" she said.

They set off at a lingering pace, talking still. Mr. Storr seemed to be saying whatever came into his head, without a guard, and at all risks of demoralising Molly, Alcie wanted to hear him out. Presently he went on to speak of the iron limits which the weak forge for the strong—brilliant powers sacrificed to the care of invalids and aged relatives: "hopelessly maiden sisters" hanging on a man like millstones.

"How can it be helped?" said Alcie. "We are so linked together, and 'A chain is as strong as its weakest link.'"

"It would be much wiser to aim at cutting out some of those links, instead of padding them," said Derwent.

"What, poison the maiden ladies who are not clever, and kill off the weak babies?" asked Alcie.

"Oh, you are putting on a mean construction! I never suggested poison—not even a lethal chamber, though its institution would be an immense relief to everyone who has feelings. But seriously, it is the tendency of the age to insist too much on resistance to the action of those natural laws by which weak links would be either strengthened or eliminated. Take those hopeless sisters of Mr. Irwine's, for instance—no doubt drawn from life. If he had married, they must either have become producers, or been less consuming: he remained a bachelor and kept them in peach-coloured silks. Was it worth while?"

"But that is not an average sample," said Alcie.

"No, it is above the average, because the ladies had silks to their satisfaction. Take another. Here are masses of incompetent workmen. The

natural course of things would compel them either to improve or starve; modern ideas insist on sacrificing the interests of the competent in order to keep them going, in a most wretched state of existence, which they hand on to their children. So with intemperance. I believe your practice," Derwent looked at both his listeners, "is, like Emily's, a matter rather of taste than principle, so I may speak. Here are a good many people who drink to excess. Either they can help it, and ought to, or they cannot help it, on account of inherent weakness which makes their very existence a danger to the race. Instead of our leaving the thing to work itself out to the natural end, a demand is made, forsooth, that the great majority, to whom a little stimulant ranks among the real sweeteners of life, should give it up to keep them in countenance. Is it wholesome?"

"But *you* would, wouldn't you, if you could help anybody by doing it?" exclaimed Molly, well imbued with the tradition of her elders in this.

"I am afraid I was arguing the other way," said Derwent, amused at the puzzled look in her bright eyes.

"But if you were with anyone who couldn't look at such things without such an awful craving, not taking them was like not jumping out of the fire when he was burning, and he couldn't help himself——"

"I haven't the slightest sympathy with anything of the kind. I loathe it," said Derwent, with marked emphasis.

How he finished that speech Alcie never knew; every power she had was gathered up to bide the shock it gave her. The sun had come out, and her sunshade shielded her face. They were standing on the lawn at the side of the reptile-house, the white deer's yard in view. Alcie waited till Derwent had finished speaking and Molly had replied; then, with a steadiness of voice and manner that surprised herself, she said, "I see the sun is troubling father. I will go and shade him while you go in here. I don't care for reptiles."

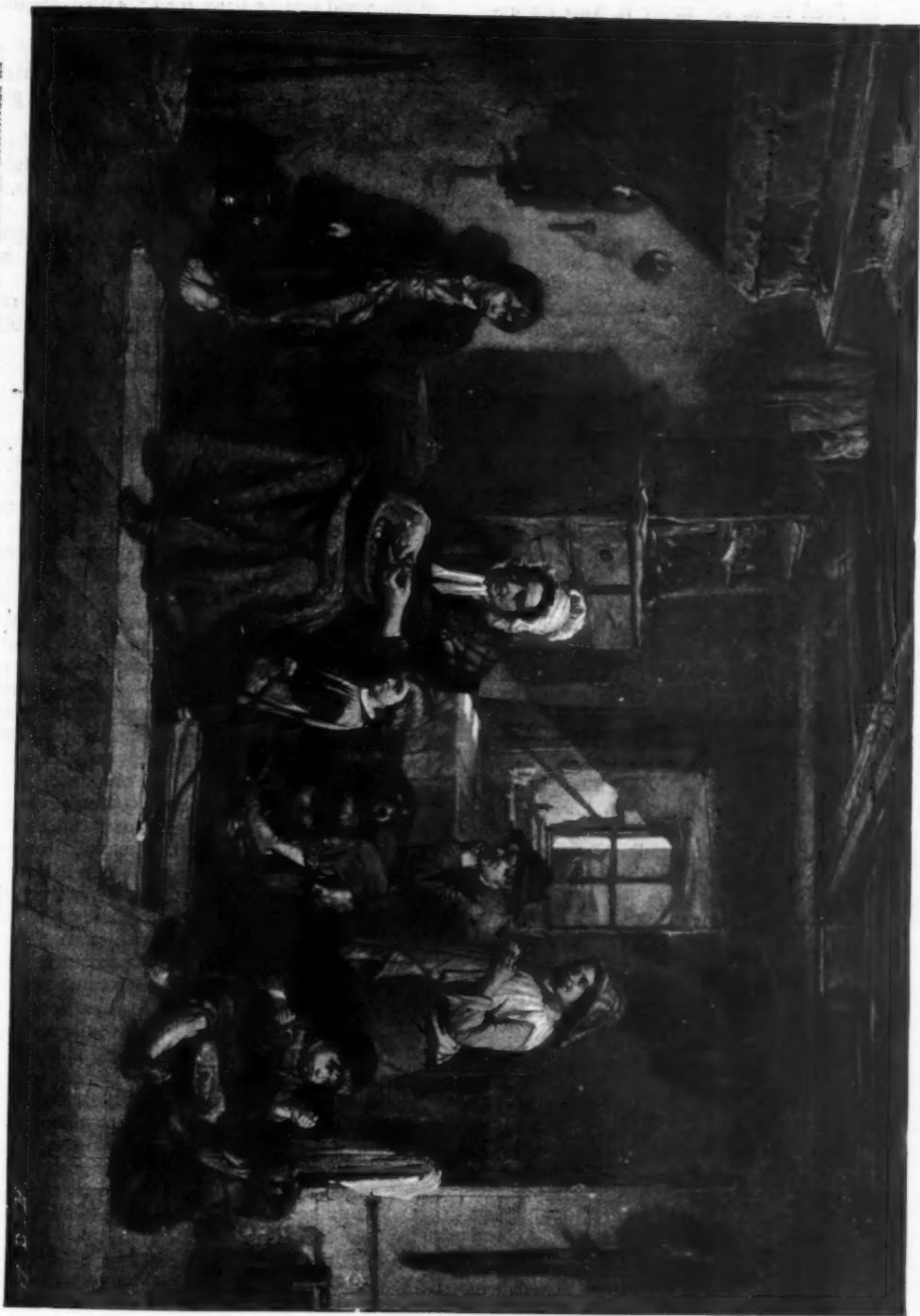
"Is that meant to be *à propos*?" said Derwent laughingly. "You don't care for reptiles?"

"Not these reptiles," said Alcie, and her voice vibrated on the word, in spite of all her efforts. She turned quietly, and walked towards her father, her dear father—in her heart another word of scorn: "This Man receiveth sinners and eateth with them!"

Langdale had moved, and sat by the railing. He lifted his beautiful face, and smiled at her, but said, "Ah, dearie, you shouldn't have left your friends."

"Oh yes, I should," said Alcie. "See, I can shade you."

He was too much wrought up to say more. She blessed the strong rail which helped to keep her trembling hand from betraying her as she stood, watching the strokes that flew from his cunning hand, and felt how she loved him—him—not the man who spoke those words. The new love had struck against the old, and was crushed to powder; she gloried in that. The words taken alone might not have slain it, when the first indignation passed; men often say hard things whose deeds belie



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CONQUERED BUT NOT SUBDUED.

[BY T. FAIR, S.A.]

them ; but in the flash of electric light his utterance threw, the speaker's character stood revealed ; she saw that his words were in keeping with all she knew of him. He was splendidly adapted for success ; he lived in it, for it, by it, with no experience of failure and no mercy on it—his scorn poured upon struggle as well as sin. She had her wish—the velvet glove he wore was torn.

Meanwhile, the hind was following its own devices.

"If I could get her ears once more," sighed Langdale.

Derwent and Molly were coming down the walk. "Molly, come and sing," said Alcie. Her own voice had a strange sound in it ; she was afraid to venture it in a song. Molly was a little shy of singing alone, though they still had the world to themselves in this quiet corner.

"Is there not something we could sing together?" said Derwent. "One of Mendelssohn's two-part songs?"

Molly owned to "*Oh, wert thou in the could blast.*" The keeper let Alcie in to guard the deer ; the two outside prepared to sing. Derwent gave one look at Alcie first. She knew it, though she did not move head or eyes to see. She heard the passion in his voice, repeating "I'd shelter thee—I'd shelter thee," and knew it was for her ; the maidenly shrinking from appropriation was all gone. He would shelter *her*—unless, indeed, he were to change, if he knew all. Let him ! Long, long before she ever saw his face, her little hand was locked in the line of that sad race he scorned, and whoever won it must take with it the wounded, trembling, loathly hand which God had laid there first. "By sorrows manifold"—all she had seen as well as suffered, she was bound to poor drunkards for life or death. Ah, she knew, a thousand times better than Derwent Storr, how loathsome is their sin ; but again the trump rang out, "*This Man receiveth sinners and eateth with them.*" She could not turn from that high fellowship—no, not to reign a queen over all the righteous who need no repentance.

Derwent was singing now :

"The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen—wad be my queen."

"*Encore*, please," said Langdale.

Again the old love-song was sung, and the roes and hinds stood still to hear.

"Done," said Langdale, laying down his brush at the last note, with a sigh of relief ; and they gathered round, keeper and all, to look and admire. It was the creature's image, yet idealised—with her listening look, and brow smooth and white, without the buds of horns.

"This will be all wrong for colour, though," said Langdale ; "I must get some white beast to stand for the green lights in the wood."

Derwent remembered those green lights, and looked at Alcie. She remembered, too, but she did not look ; she was busy gathering up the artist litter.

"One moment," said Langdale, seizing a brush to add a stroke which he saw wanted.

"You will need another sitting," said Derwent, smiling.

"Yes, it is not done, after all," said Langdale, viewing his work. "And I should like to touch up some of the shots I made before I settled on this position."

"Then will you be here too?" asked Derwent, turning to Molly.

"No, I am engaged to meet my cousins," she replied, gratified, not perceiving that it is not always a compliment to be asked if one is to be at a given place—or not.

"You have stuff for half a dozen pictures there," said Derwent, as Langdale turned over sheetfuls of "shots" ; and again he looked across at Alcie, but her eyes were employed.

"Oh, no ; an unavailing herd," said Langdale, laughing over the medley of limbs, heads, half, whole, and quarter lengths.

Derwent went to fetch a cab, and met the party at the gate, all laden. He wanted to relieve Alcie of something.

"No, thank you," she answered coldly. He looked at her, startled, one moment—the next, a sense of exquisite delight ran through him, astonishing himself. She was a little offended because—jealous ? Often had he admired her insensibility to that passion ; all the more sweet, nay intoxicating, was it to find, as he thought, that it could stir for him.

He had no wish to trade on it ; he would hardly have done that with any woman, and with a girl so crystal true and devoid of art herself, such fraud was impossible. She had missed the look he meant for her before he sang ; he tried now for one word more, that his voice might tell the truth ; but Langdale was putting her into the cab already. They all drove off, and Derwent walked slowly down a shady road, planning means of explanation, and wondering to find himself so triumphantly happy, and such a fool ! He had made up his mind yesterday what he should want when the proper time came ; at this moment, even a long engagement did not seem despicable, provided it was not conspicuous. It—or at least some kind of understanding—might even be necessary to a woman's peace of mind ; and whatever hardness there might be in Derwent Storr towards the world in general, no creature belonging to himself would share in it. Whatever and whoever he once called his own, would be cherished with immaculate pains.

Accordingly, he tore himself away from the leafy shades where even cockneys might indulge in a dream or two, and hurried back to his sheaves of letters and stacks of printed matter to be glanced through. The interests of his chief were his own, alike from duty, self-interest, and the wholesome pride which would not have endured to deserve the smallest blame. Alcie was not his first love ; "another bride—Ambition," had preceded her ; and in these days the pursuit of that lady fair is very laborious, and leaves a man barely time to know his own mind, to say nothing of his heart. Yet, through the full day and crowded evening, the clear-headed secretary felt strange, soft, fluttering intuitions of coming happiness hovering round his business thoughts, like little birds outside a netting, flying up twittering to

press their warm, downy breasts against a hand within.

And all day long Alcie went about with fire in her heart, and two lines haunting her from "The Last Links are Broken"—

"That bright glance misleading on others may shine,
Those eyes smile [unheeding while tears burst from mine."

"Not my tears—not mine," she thought. He would have heeded them; but he could "smile unheeding" while tears of blood dropped slowly from a million hearts. Thousands upon thousands might wrestle with a torture which was but half of it their own fault; he had "not the slightest sympathy with anything of the kind."

She was judging him harshly, with truly youthful intolerance and haste; but a tender woman is seldom wrong in trusting her own instincts of repulsion; they are likely to be a safer guide than the law of charity and large allowance to her.

It had always been taken for granted in Alcie's mind that if she ever married—which she had thought improbable—whoever shared her life must share her father's also, to the uttermost. This implied that he must be an abstainer; and, like the girl who afterwards became Catherine Booth, she added, "Not to please me, but from conviction." At Kingsford she had supposed that Derwent Storr was one: at Mount Cray she discovered that in society he did as others did. Since that walk in the woods—and more especially since her meeting with Maria had stirred up afresh her lifelong, deep desire to help the tempted—she had been thinking how often a woman has been the means of altering a man's convictions; but Mr. Storr was only her friend then. She could never ask that sacrifice from a lover, nor accept it unless it were so much in harmony with his previous lines of thought and conduct that only an impulse was needed for conviction to be formed. Otherwise, the resolve taken for love's sake was sure to be either broken or regretted before long; and it is hard to say which of the two alternatives would be the more painful.

This was the barrier insuperable which had been present to Alcie's mind in those night hours which now seemed years away, when she had put it aside as too bare-faced and practical to be looked at. If it were meant in heaven that her timid fancies should ever come true, the obstacle would be removed in some way, she thought. How childish all her thoughts had been!

The day dragged through. Alcie hoped for rain on the morrow; but a wet night was followed by a brilliant morning, and there was no escape.

All went on as usual till nine o'clock; then came nearly half an hour of sickening suspense, which was merging into dull relief when two figures came down the walk—Derwent Storr, and with him an older man, less tall, grey-haired, with a frank, benign countenance.

"I have an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Langdale," said Derwent, through the railing. "My father

turned up last night, and I have brought him to see your white hind."

Langdale had feelings to control at that. When he had to look at Alcie, he saw that the moment had brought out her strength. She went through the introduction, showed her father's sketches, and presently left Derwent to shade his canvas, and walked round some of the houses with Mr. Storr, gracefully responding to his kindness, but without wavering an instant from a certain high-bred aloofness of manner which Derwent saw with astonishment and distracting admiration. Her father was hardly less surprised. They had both believed that it was in her, but wondered to see it come out.

She and Derwent were not alone together for a moment. At parting, Mr. Storr spoke to her with special kindness as his daughter's dear friend, and hoped she would come and stay with Emily some day. When he and his son were safely out of hearing, he said:

"That's a girl of a thousand, Derwent. I suppose it hasn't come yet to the

'Young man in Ballinacrazy,
Who wanted a wife to make him unasy'?"

"Oh no, certainly not," said Derwent, slightly displeased. He had said nothing of the kind, simply offering his father the sight of a fine picture's first beginning.

"Time enough," said Mr. Storr. "But if it should go on to that, in time, you will have chosen well—no matter how little she has."

"There is nothing of that sort at present," said Derwent decidedly. He might not have said so an hour ago, but he was now acutely conscious of a change in Alcie, beyond what a momentary irritation could account for in one of her character. Was it possible that while he and Molly were in the reptile-house, Langdale had said something which his daughter took as a restraint? It was certainly then, or just afterwards, that the mischief was done. But Langdale's manner to-day, though somewhat more reserved, was in no way forbidding. The whole thing was perplexing, and all the more tormenting because it happened just when his two conflicting attachments had come into line with each other. Love and ambition had been at war; but as he watched Alcie this morning, and heard his father's verdict, he felt triumphantly that he had been right in the estimate he had formed, at the first glance, of her latent power. Such a woman would half make a man! Delicious justification for doing what he liked!—if he could: there was the crux. But though anxious, he was too much in the habit of overcoming obstacles to be despondent. Victory would be the sweeter for coming as a crown.

Langdale and Mrs. Arrowhead happened to be alone in the morning room after dinner that evening, when the butler came to say that Mr. Storr was upstairs.

"Claude—what is coming next?" said Fanny, when the man was gone.

"This," said Langdale, in a tone that startled her. His face was pale, the old agony was in his

voice and eyes. "John must do one thing for me as soon as he comes home."

"Yes?" she answered inquiringly.

"He must tell that young man's father the true story of Alcie's father's life. I cannot do it myself."

"Oh, Claude, is it necessary?"

"Quite. He brought his father to see her this morning."

Fanny raised her eyebrows. "I had no idea he was in a position to go on so fast," she said. "Though John was as bad, or worse."

Langdale smiled sadly. "We hardly know what his position is," he said. "This should have been done sooner, at any cost, if I had dreamed——"

"I really wasn't sure which of the girls it was, or if there was anything at all in it," said Fanny.

"I knew which," said Langdale.

"And you wouldn't mind the long waiting?"

"It would not hurt Alcie; it would give her time to prepare herself—perhaps for a future we little expected for her"—and the father's proud hope betrayed itself in his tone. "But I cannot risk its going another inch till all is known. He might wish to draw back."

"If he does, I have no opinion of him," exclaimed Fanny. Motherlike, she thought the match she would have disapproved for one of her own sons quite good enough for some one else's. Besides, there was no relationship here, to add to the risk.

The words were a cordial to Langdale; his own heart had said the same. "Well, we shall see," he said, his eyes brightening. "I hope it won't come to a definite engagement yet awhile."

"Then, Claude, get away upstairs this instant!" exclaimed Fanny. "What may be happening this very minute while we stay talking here! And I have six notes to write."

Langdale laughed, but paused, to add gravely, "You won't forget?"

"No, dear Claude. It shall be done—as you think it right," she answered, laying her hand in his. He held it fast a moment.

"How good you and dear Alice were to John and me, in our time," said Fanny, looking up at him. He smiled and stroked her silver hair, saying, "Who was good to us?" Then with a load gone from his mind, he ran lightly up the stairs, to see the old pretty stories beginning over again.

He found the young people discreetly congregated in one group round the piano. Alcie was on her guard, and the young Arrowheads, being quick-eyed lads, abetted her. They had their doubts upon the subject, however, and when Basil found himself alone with her behind the grand piano, helping her to collect her own music, he deliberately got up and walked across the room. In the same moment Mr. Storr crossed from the other side. Alcie was sitting on the music ottoman, loose pieces in her lap. He saw her turn pale and make a quick movement to gather them up. There was no time for preliminaries. He would not hem her in; he leaned on the corner of the piano, his back to the room, and said, "Have I offended you?"

"Offended? No," said Alcie, meeting his eyes, and growing paler still.

"Then what is it?" said Derwent. Alcie learned then how eyes can plead.

"You wouldn't understand if I were to tell you," she answered coldly, and, rising, walked across to join the others, who were preparing for a game. Derwent stayed a moment, looking at a song which lay on the piano, then followed her, and played through the game with well-bred zest. He left when it was over. He and Alcie bade each other good-bye without a vestige of expression on either of their faces; then night and solitude came round again, and she did not shed a tear nor make a moan for all that vanished with him—yet.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was Friday evening. Alcie was back in the Woodside garden, looking up at the great green slopes of the hills, and away down the blue distance where the valley opened. The notes of birds came softly from the wood; one blackbird poured out his song from the elm in the plantation hedge. Over the fields, long swathes of golden sunlight stretched between the shadows of the trees. All was so still, the past week's fever seemed like a dream, in this deep calm.

The gate-latch clicked, and she hastened to meet her father. Langdale had had to go straight to the office from the railway station, and now supper was waiting. He talked of Forestwyk affairs during the meal. When he and Alcie went out to the garden again afterwards, his eyes turned to her with an anxious, expectant look. He had seen that moment's colloquy by the piano, and thought that either an application or a confidence must surely follow. Nothing had come yet, and a fear sprang up, lest, in her simplicity, his loving child should have sacrificed her own good to what she supposed was his.

A blackbird was singing still, farther off. They walked on into the plantation, and lingered there.

"How lovely it seems after London," said Alcie. "It is nice to get home."

"Are you really glad to get back to this quiet old place, after all the pleasures?" asked Langdale, taking her hand and drawing it through his arm.

"Yes, very," said Alcie, and wished she had put her hat on.

"You are not afraid of being dull?"

Alcie laughed at the idea.

"You would not have liked to stay a little longer?"

"No, it was enough," she answered. Her own ears heard a tell-tale tremor in her voice.

"That seems to me hardly natural, dearie," said Langdale, taking the hand which rested on his arm, "to be ready so soon to leave your young companions and come back to your old father alone."

"You must be my first—always," said Alcie, lifting her eyes to his, with a quick flush and a quivering light in her face which strengthened his fears.

"Nay, dearest, you are not mine," he answered tenderly. "My treasure is in heaven. The time will come when I must grow old and leave you. If ever the young love comes, take it, dearie. I wouldn't stand in the way for the world."

Alcie put her other hand on his, and leaned her head against his arm. Again the wells of her great love for him flowed over. No claim could have bound her as did this fond dismissal.

Langdale led her to a little seat against the stone wall, overhung by a hood of tangled ivy and clematis.

"Now, tell me," he said, drawing her to him with his arm round her. "What was it, dearest? You were so happy two days ago."

"Three," murmured Alcie.

"Then something came to make a difference?"

"Yes." Alcie remembered how often he had done violence to himself to spare her anxiety. The whole truth she could never tell, but what she could, she owed to him. She raised her head and answered steadily, meeting his eyes, "I cannot be Mr. Storr's friend any longer, father. We think too differently about—about things that signify."

Langdale felt a terrible shock of disappointment. He took for granted that the difference referred to matters of faith, and while honouring his child's principle, he was not without fear lest, in her childlike ignorance, she might be breaking her young heart for a scruple. Derwent was upright, reverent, a communicant; he came of a God-fearing family; and men need women more heavenly minded than themselves.

"It was a hard thing for you, dearest," he said gently.

"No, it was not," said Alcie, and her eyes glowed. "I was only *so glad* to have known in time."

Langdale was shocked again, more painfully, to think that any girl could thus speak of the discovery that a young man who had shown her so much regard was going far wrong.

"Does he know what stands between you?" he asked, very gravely.

"No, father," answered Alcie, frightened by his look of displeasure. Langdale was silent, much perplexed.

"Father, I couldn't tell him," said Alcie pleadingly, in great distress. "Because, if he had only been my friend as Emily is, it would not have mattered; and I couldn't make him think I thought—oh, I don't know what I did think," she faltered, hiding her face on his shoulder. He felt how she trembled.

"Poor child," he said fondly—his motherless child! His heart withdrew his blame of her; she might have been wrong, but he would never pass judgment on her, in ignorance of all that her tender lips might never bear to tell; he could only soothe her with caresses and loving words.

"Was it wrong to think?" said Alcie suddenly, looking up.

"To think there might be a little something in it?" he asked half playfully, patting her cheek. She hid her face again.

"I thought it, dearest," said Langdale, after a pause in which he had taken a sad resolve. "So much so that I felt it right to ask that your uncle John would acquaint Mr. Storr, the father, with the facts of your father's life."

Alcie could not control a sudden throe. Langdale pressed her closer. Poor lamb, the need of

that would never have occurred to her, he thought; the past was so long ago, in her childhood, and they never spoke of it. For that very reason he had felt bound to let her know, once for all, what honour compelled. He was not at all modern in his ideas, and thought very little of heredity beyond one generation; but he was acutely sensitive to the blur upon the family name.

Alcie felt him give one of his long deep sighs. Again a shuddering indignation seized her. "Reptiles!" She took his hand and held it passionately to her lips, her rare tears streaming over it. Langdale's soul was moved.

"My little love," he said, and stroked her hair.

There was nothing more to say. They rose, presently, and went back to the house. Once Alcie met her father's eyes fixed on her with an anxious, questioning look, as if to say, "Could you not tell me a little more, my child? I might help you." She turned away from it, and he said nothing, reverencing the seal upon her maiden lips. But never in life could he forget the love that answered when he made her acquainted with the injury that his acts had done to her. He felt it a profound rebuke to the hankering for restoration to a place of his own in the proud world, which had mingled with his desire for her to marry well.

Alcie went up to her room, quivering between two thoughts—her father thought she had not served Mr. Storr well; that was hard, and yet half sweet; and Derwent would know, soon, why she was displeased. Then, what next? A great wave of longing came over her to find again the man she had hoped he was—to have him tell her that she was wrong—those hard words were only lip-deep, and he was sorry when he knew what he had done. He would have the clue now—he would know!

Her cheek flushed, the light burned in her eyes again. There were steps in the hall, and voices—Mr. Brough and Alick had come to welcome the travellers home. Alcie ran downstairs to meet them. Alick looked up as she came into the light, and saw in her face something he did not remember there before. He was a calm fellow, but he felt a catch in his breath, a thrill of something poignantly delicious, then.

"Well, Missy, they haven't washed your colour off up there," said Mr. Brough, holding out his two hands.

"A week was not long enough for that," said Alcie. And she went on to give him and Alick a graphic account of pictures, music, sermons, everything but Mr. Storr, and she even named him incidentally, in speaking of the Academy, lest Molly should say enough of him to make her silence marked.

Mr. Brough twinkled and grunted, and was highly pleased to see her in such good spirits, especially when she said that coming home was the best of it all.

The next week was half gone before a letter came from Mrs. Arrowhead, which Langdale handed to his daughter. It said:

"John has done as you wished, but I do not think there was any necessity for it."

This was a most unsatisfactory statement, open to several different constructions. Alcie waited hungrily for a letter from Emily.

The fact was that Mr. Storr, like Langdale, was not modern in his views on heredity; still, he took the first opportunity of passing on the sad story to Derwent, as he walked down to the House with him on the following evening.

"Then—!" That one word escaped the firm lips before Derwent could get his curb on, and become inscrutable. The disclosure struck him like a shot. He had forgotten his speech about loathing, but he remembered the reptiles, and cursed the jest. In Alcie's presence to have touched the father she adored! No wonder she felt it, though she must know it was not intended.

He parted from his father, slipped across a roaring stream of vehicles, and walked rapidly through the precincts of the House, where he was to hear a debate with the ears of his chief, who was extending his Whitsun holiday. House and galleries were both thin. Derwent had a bench to himself, and dashed off a few lines to Alcie, while a bore of the first magnitude fulminated below. The bore sat down; the man he had come to hear began. The note was left unfinished; for the next four hours he was the secretary, without a pulse to call his own.

Then he walked home through the cool night air, and sat down in his own room, Derwent Storr again—but not the same Derwent who had penned those hurried, heartfelt lines. He read them through and liked them; they were worthy of the woman addressed.

The breath of the moors came back where first he saw Alcie—the holiday it had been, ever since, to turn from the feverish race in which men and women were all trying to outstrip each other, to this young, vivid life, full of power, but wholly outside the range of competitive ambition—all its aspirations to be, not to get. Her withdrawal, in a manner which implied disapproval, had been a keener smart than he liked to own: it nettled him at first, but on second thoughts he was sure that there must be a cause—probably some misunderstanding—which he counted on finding out and removing. His hand was on it now, and those lines were enough to reinstate him in her judgment—perhaps in her heart.

His face did not kindle at the thought; it grew set and pale. He read the unfinished note again. Not a word was there of aught but honest friendship, but he felt that if he were a woman in Alcie's place, and received that letter, he should love the man who wrote it. Then he knew that there was hardly anything he so longed for as her love.

For twenty minutes—a long time for a man of his pace—he sat with his head in his hands, seeing over again the moors, the wood, the looks and scenes of only one week past; then he rose deliberately, and said aloud, "There are some things that *won't* do."

He had strained his judgment in letting himself drift into this kind of entanglement at all; and now, facts must be faced. Alcie would never part from her father. One of Derwent's excuses to himself for thinking of this ungilded match, had been the charm that such a father-in-law would add to the house of a busy public man. He would not like to answer for him now, in such surroundings; in fact, he would be glad to have nothing more to do with him.

Derwent considered himself a believer in Christianity, but he had no belief in its delivering power. He believed in heredity, up to the hilt. It was more than probable that neither Alcie herself nor any child of hers would be able to use intoxicants without extreme risk; she had the high-strung temperament peculiarly liable to the tendency she inherited. He had no objection to total abstinence from choice, but for it to be a necessity to anyone who belonged to him, would be an intolerable slur. The world would soon guess the reason; these things leak out. Yet those dark eyes held him, as he had seen them—flashing, trusting, all but loving; and that last cold, sad, wounded look! He had hurt her—hurt her cruelly.

He put the note into his breast pocket and



DERWENT BURNS HIS OWN NOTE.

postponed decision till he could ascertain whether the cause of Langdale's disappearance from the world was known.

Next day he took steps to find this out without arousing suspicion. When he looked in upon Emily, in the evening, she said, "I am writing to Alcie. Have you any message?"

"None, thank you," replied Derwent. Emily looked surprised. He went up to his room and drew out that unfinished note—held it one moment tight in his hand, his lips pressed hard together; then lit a match, and burned it to ashes in his empty grate.

MODERN HYGIENE IN PRACTICE.

BY DR. ALFRED SCHOFIELD.

THE FOUR ELEMENTS:—EARTH.

EARTH is probably the most hopelessly misnamed of the whole four so-called elements.

Air and water are, at any rate, simple bodies, and only contain some three or four elements between them, but under the word "earth" are ranged the whole sixty-five or seventy that are at present known to science. Fortunately, we are not called upon to discuss its geological or chemical composition now, but briefly to consider a few points in connection with it that have a special bearing upon hygiene.

What we call the soil, with which we are chiefly concerned in hygiene, may itself be divided into two very different parts—namely, surface soil and subsoil. The two are quite distinct: the surface soil is very largely organic, consisting of decaying vegetable and animal matter, whereas the true subsoil is the *débris* of rocks, and hence purely inorganic.

This surface soil is a most wonderful product. The researches of Darwin have thrown great light upon its formation. It necessarily contains a large amount of vegetable and animal matter, indeed, all that falls upon the earth's surface. This is first partly decomposed by the labours of micro-organisms, of which we shall have a word to say by-and-by, and then it is worked up with the earth by the amazing labours of earth-worms.

Earth-worms.

It is calculated that there are between forty and fifty thousand earth-worms in an acre of earth of average fertility, and there can be no doubt, incredible as it appears at first sight, that the whole of the surface soil has been passed repeatedly through the bodies of these worms. They are always eating it, and passing it out of their bodies in the form of those little castings or worm-like heaps of earth that are so familiar. It is calculated that ten tons of dry earth in each acre of land is annually ejected by these earth-worms in land of average fertility. One-fifth of an inch of this fine disintegrated and partly animal soil is laid over the surface by earth-worms each year per acre, the result being that all heavy bodies lying on the surface of the earth are gradually buried, at a fairly definite rate, by the incessant labours of these unconsidered trifles of the animal kingdom. In this way historic objects, such as Roman pavements, vases, and old stones, have been quietly hidden beneath the surface, ready for antiquaries to dig up. So tremendous, indeed, are the exertions of these tiny creatures, that no walls of old buildings are really safe from being undermined by them, unless the foundations are at least six or seven feet deep, below which they do not burrow.

There can be no doubt that they do an agricultural work infinitely greater than all the plough-

shares in the world put together. By incessantly burrowing in the soil, and by mixing its mineral with its vegetable ingredients in their own bodies, with the addition of certain secretions that they produce, they change the earth into a sort of fertile compost most valuable to plant life. This fine subdivision is most advantageous for the growth of the fine root-fibres of young plants, and also allows air to enter freely into the soil. There are many, indeed, who think that these worms even help to drain the surface soil by their vertical burrows that often extend five feet in depth. They are great levellers of inequalities. The fine earth brought to the surface dries, and is then scattered evenly by the wind. But we must not dwell longer on these wonders when there are greater still to speak of.

Bacteria.

Besides the labours of worms, moles, ants, and other burrowing and indefatigable insects, we must remember that in every pound of superficial soil there are some 500 million living bacteria. It is difficult to say, in the light of our increasing knowledge, whether the bacterium or the true plant comes first in the scale of nature. There can be no doubt, however, that plants are infinitely more dependent upon bacteria than bacteria upon plants.

Bacteria, as is now so well known, are tiny organisms of the nature of microscopic fungi, that yet partake in many of their characteristics of the locomotive and other powers of the animal kingdom. The spores, or the young bacteria, are the hardiest of all living beings that have yet been found upon this globe. They will exist almost everywhere, and it is almost impossible to kill them accidentally, they must be deliberately poisoned by some strong antiseptic.

The history of these micro-organisms is now such common property that we do not need to enter upon it generally. One interesting fact has, however, been pointed out that links these lowly creatures somewhat unpleasantly with man. In the whole range of creation there is only one living being besides man that takes greedily to alcohol, and that is one particular form of bacteria. This interesting creature will drink alcoholic liquors all day long, turning them immediately into vinegar. But it is very particular in its tastes, and will not drink them if they are too strong; no liquor must contain above 10 per cent. of pure alcohol if it is to be patronised by this tiny organism, which is capable in a very few hours of turning a bottle of wine worth a sovereign into a bottle of vinegar not worth sixpence.

We have, however, here specially to do with bacteria as they are connected with solids rather

than fluids. They are, in the first place, the source of all decomposition. Consider for a moment the ghastly spectacle that our fair country would present but for the labours of these humble creatures. We should not be able to see the surface of the ground at all, for everything that has ever died in this country would be exactly the same size as when it gave up its breath. Layers of antique monsters would be covered in their turn by all the animals, wild and tame, that have died since, and which we have not succeeded in eating; to say nothing of the successive layers of ancient Britons covered by Anglo-Saxons, these in their turn by Romans, under which the land would stagger.

The decomposition carried on by germs is of course the only means which enables us satisfactorily to deal with sewage. In the darker ages, which, after all, are only a few years ago, many substances of a chemical nature were added to the sewage in order to oxidise it; but it is now believed that the real value of what is added, in the ordinary granular form, is that it carries down air to the germs, who, after all, do the work. So effectually, indeed, do they decompose sewage that one plot of land near Edinburgh has been used for the deposit of sewage for over 200 years, and the earth is now as sweet and pure as any other.

But not only would the world be utterly uninhabitable were it not that every creature, when it dies, is resolved into its component gases by the labour of germs; but it is only by doing so that the soil is kept sufficiently fertile to sustain vegetable life. All life upon this globe, or at any rate upon the dry land, would necessarily cease were it not for the labours of germs and worms; if the former were to cease working, the whole wonderful chain of life, extending unto man himself, would be broken.

But they do more than we have yet pointed out. It has been found that if earth be freed from bacteria it becomes perfectly sterile, and will not nourish plants. In fact, speaking technically, no nitrification can go on. We mean by this, presenting nitrogen to plants in such a form that they can absorb it, for no vegetables, any more than man, can assimilate nitrogen from the air; neither can they, as we do, assimilate nitrogen from complex bodies, nor even directly from ammonia. It has been found that nitrogen must be presented to the plant in the form of nitric acid, which may thus be called the most important plant food.

The question has long been asked as to how this nitric acid is formed. Bacteria have for some time been suspected of doing this beneficent work; but it was not until 1890 that the little germ was discovered that has the power of changing all the organic refuse that falls upon the earth's surface into nitrous acid.

This germ is a very remarkable one, for it will not itself live, as all other germs do, upon animal or vegetable substances such as gelatine or starch, but seems to thrive on purely mineral food; thus reversing what we had always considered to be, up till then, a universal law of nature, that no living creatures, excepting green plants, can live on inorganic food.

But still the question remained as to how nitrous acid was changed into nitric acid, and, as Professor Frankland, to whom these discoveries are largely due, tells us, it was not until about 1892 that a second germ that converts the one acid into the other, but cannot itself decompose ammonia, was found.

This, then, completes the wonderful chain by means of which nitrogen is absorbed by ordinary plants. The amount of nitrates in the soil is really very scanty, and the amount of nitrogen in plants proportionately little, with, however, two remarkable exceptions. In Chili and Peru vast stores of nitrates, or nitric acid in combination with soda, are found; nearly a million tons are exported from this region every year, and we can only suppose that at some bygone period of this earth's history some giant swarms of germs with phenomenal powers must have accumulated these amazing stores. It is a very curious fact that in the neighbourhood of these stores the nitrifying powers of the germs that have been discovered are quite phenomenal, and greatly in excess of those in England.

The other exception is that, although, as we have said, there is little nitrogen in plants generally, those plants which we call cereals or grain-bearing plants, and legumes, or bean-bearing plants, contain large amounts of nitrogen. The general nitrification that we have described, that goes on in the soil, is not sufficient to account for the extraordinary amount of nitrogen that these plants contain, which constitutes them such a very efficient substitute for animal food in human diet. A careful examination of the roots of these plants shows they are covered with small tuberosities, which, on being examined, are found to be full of nitrogen and bacteria. These specialised bacteria seem to have the power of taking the nitrogen from the air and depositing it in the plant. And the curious thing is that each plant must have its own special form of bacterium. It has been found that if the bacteria from the roots of a pea be placed upon the roots of a bean, that bean will not grow half as well as if it were nourished by its own bacteria. Extensive experiments carried on between the different members of the bean family have shown that this is a general law, and that for the plant to attain its full perfection it must have its own army of specialised victuallers living on its roots.

Before we leave these germs, we must point out that all that live in the soil are not of this benign nature. The germs of lockjaw, typhoid fever, fatal carbuncle, glanders, and malaria, exist in large numbers in the earth. With regard to the first of these diseases, the importance of not getting dirt into the wounds may be pointed out, as there can be no doubt this is a frequent cause of lockjaw if the germ happens to be present.

We may, therefore, look upon this surface-soil as a wonderful vast chemical laboratory, where millions of living chemists carry on their ceaseless labours day and night, as well as the abode of countless armies of gardeners who with unerring skill prepare the soil that is the ultimate source of the life of this world.

Some Remark-
able Germs.

Healthy and
Unhealthy
Soils.

Soils are, as we know, not all equally healthy. Clay soils breed rheumatism, catarrh, neuralgia; alluvial, or mud soils, breed malaria; whereas gravel and chalk soils are generally healthy. There is a town in England, which in charity ought to be nameless, half of which is built on limestone and sand, and the other half on heavy clay; and, curiously enough, in a recent epidemic twenty who lived on the clay were attacked to every one that lived on the sand; and chest diseases are one-third more prevalent on the clay soil than on the other.

Soil contains a good many other things besides germs and worms—for instance, air and water. In some light soils the amount of air may be as much as 50 per cent of the whole. The air in soils resembles the air above, but is always more impure, the oxygen decreasing and the carbonic acid increasing with the depth of the soil, the amount of nitrogen remaining constant. Owing to the excess of carbonic acid and other impure gases in the soil air, it must never be allowed to enter houses; and inasmuch as it moves very readily and to great distances through the earth, it is most important that all houses should have concrete basements. A warm house placed upon the soil acts as a powerful aspirator, and sucks up all aerial impurities with great rapidity, unless it be protected in the way we have pointed out. Gas has been known to enter a house from a burst pipe over twenty feet below the surface.

There is also water in the soil. This fact has a great bearing upon health. The moisture in the soil gradually increases at certain depths, until it appears as a continuous sheet of water known as subsoil water, which lies at a distance varying from a few inches to 100 feet or more below the surface. Above this level, the soil is kept moist mostly by the rain, and partly from the water below. This water below the soil is always slowly moving towards some outlet. Under certain circumstances it may rise rapidly. As a rule this rise begins about the month of November, attaining its maximum about March, and subsiding towards summer. This rising drives the air out of the soil, and often leads to the pollution of wells, and is accountable, to a great extent, for the diseases that prevail during this part of the year. Any water within five feet of the surface predisposes towards disease. People living in districts where water will stand in a hole dug in the ground three feet deep suffer largely from ill-health.

It is found that improvement in sanitation does not lessen the amount of consumption in a town, unless it lowers the subsoil water. In Salisbury the death-rate from consumption has been lowered, by this means, one-half; the same in parts of Rugby, and similar improvements have taken place in other towns.

Damp soils are also largely connected with malaria, and as districts are properly drained this dreadful curse disappears. Soils affect climate to some extent, according to the amount of heat they absorb and give off. Sand and lime are the warmest soils; next comes chalk; while clay and moist soils are very cold.

American Notes.

A Surgeon-General for the Railways.—The frequency of accidents on the railways in the Western States in America and the lawsuits which arise out of them have added a new officer to the list of those ordinarily employed by railway companies. He is known as the surgeon-general, and is in command of a corps of specially retained surgeons, one of whom is stationed in every considerable town along the line. Each of these surgeons has his own practice; but he holds himself in readiness to attend on call from the station masters and train conductors of the line in whose service he is retained. At important stations railway hospitals are organised. Where these are not established, beds are retained in the existing hospitals; and in addition to these provisions matters are so arranged that at very short notice a well-equipped field hospital can be set up on the scene of a railway accident. The first intention of the companies in organising these surgeon-generals' departments is to secure prompt, ample, and efficient surgical aid in the case of accidents. But they have other reasons for maintaining the corps of surgeons. One is to effect economies in surgeons' fees; another is to ensure that all persons who are hurt shall at once be placed in the hands of surgeons who are friendly and loyal to the companies, and may be relied upon to help the companies in effecting satisfactory settlements of claims for personal injuries to passengers. So far the surgeon-generals' department is peculiar to the railways west of the Mississippi. Accidents are most frequent on these railways, owing to the cheaper methods of construction and to wash-outs and other accidents incidental to western travel. Recently, however, the surgeons who are thus engaged in the railway service held a convention in New York, and they are hopeful that the companies owning the older and more substantially constructed railways will add a similar department to their staffs.

Sensational Literature in America.—England is not the only country in which great harm is wrought among boys by sensational literature. In the United States this literature is even more widely circulated than in England, and unfortunately much of it deals with crime which it is still possible for boys to imitate. Stories of highwaymen and of pirates, such as are issued broadcast in England, have a deteriorating influence; but it is not practicable for boys to imitate their doings. America has its stories of stage robbers and mining camp desperadoes; but worse still, it has a cheap and trashy literature which deals exclusively with the doings of a gang of train robbers, who infested the States west of the Mississippi and south of the Missouri for twenty years after the War. These men were headed by a desperado named Jesse James, and the gang terrorised Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas, until it was broken up about 1884. The lives and doings of these men have been woven into scores of cheap books which find a ready sale among boys; and that it is possible for American boys to imitate the doings of the James gang was made only too clear by the terrible disaster which occurred in November on the New York Central Railway at Rome, in New York State. Three men were killed in the wreck, which was due to the loosening of two parallel rails from the sleepers on which they rested. The fastenings had all been withdrawn by four boys, who, after they had done their terrible mischief, stood by in the woods to watch the catastrophe they had brought about. When they saw what happened—that an engine and two or three mail and sleeping cars were derailed and thrown on their sides in a ditch—they ran away. One of the boys left his cap. His name and address were inside. The police soon had all the miscreants in custody, and on searching their rooms they found the key to the action of the boys. All four were readers of books chronicling the exploits of the James gang, and they had adopted the methods of the Missouri desperadoes in order to ditch the express train.

REVIEWS AND REVIEWING.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN, AND HAS, REVIEWED.

THERE is perhaps no form of current literature which affects writers and readers so differently as the review of a book. The writing of the book itself is generally—unless it be a mere “pot-boiler,” produced with an eye on the butcher’s bill and penned with a wearisome hand—a work of often keen enjoyment to its author. While it is in progress he is mostly able to forget that what he writes will have to be submitted to the publisher before it can be offered to the public, and that what he has finished and fondly touched-up before its commission to the parcel-post, may reappear, not in the shape of welcome print, but in that of his own familiar handwriting, and be laid upon his own desk instead of the table of an intelligent public. But when he is gratified by the sight of its return in “proof,” he begins to ask himself whether it will be taken up by an expectant hand, to be speedily laid down again, or at the best merely skimmed over, or read with appreciating acceptance. The dream of this last result is, however, invaded by the spectre of a cold-blooded critic, who will intervene between the publisher and the public, and either invite its perusal, or, may be, with a merciless air of justice, fail to see any beauty in the new-born child.

In this case the sinking heart of the author recalls what he has been told about the ways of the reviewer. He remembers how one said to him, “I don’t think I have enjoyed a book for the last eight years.” This critic was seldom without one in his hand, but, whatever its good qualities, they were often spoilt for him by the reflection that, as soon as he had mastered them, he had to sit down and dilate upon them. Thus the provider of a new dish is haunted by a fear lest “his” should be laid before the carver at some moment when he is almost sickened of a forced perpetual meal. He thinks, too, of the hardened critic, who says to a novice in the art of dissection (on his betraying anxiety to do justice to a volume he is charged to “review”), “Oh, don’t bother yourself so much, just put your paperknife in and smell it.” And with his mind’s eye he sees the master illustrate this process in the disposal of his own bantling. Perhaps it is not even cut open, though the instructed neophyte is ashamed to pen his little paragraph without at least peeping between the stiff leaves of his appealing production.

There are some writers who profess indifference to reviews of their books, and perhaps those of established fame become, at last, careless about what is said of them, though they should not forget that they owe much to the reviewer for their introduction to the public. But for all any authors may say, there are few who disdain a glance at a column of remarks on their latest

utterances, and do not feel sore if these fail to sound the accustomed tune of praise. I know one who is prolific and popular, but whose skin absolutely refuses to harden, though it has been stroked, rubbed, or scratched year after year. And he unfortunately lets this tenderness be known, and thus invites every idle wasp to settle on and sting him; which he does, with un-failing appetite and store of poison. It is something for the secluded critic to feel sure that the point of his pen is pricking a famous writer, and that a wry face will certainly follow the grin with which his unsigned sneer blackens the paper on his desk.

Among the reviews which vex an author, not the least annoying are such as miss his point, however laudatory they may be in other respects. For instance, if he has some truths to enforce, and desires not so much to “entertain” as to “instruct” the reader, he feels that his “powder” is not likely to be taken without a certain amount of “jam.” But if this last is almost alone spread upon the critic’s page, with a remark that the author is distinctly amusing, and that no better bock than his can be taken up to while away an idle half-hour, he lays down the printed criticism with a sigh. To change the metaphor, his arrow, aimed at a central fact, or intended to pierce the hide of general ignorance, is valued only for the feathers glued upon it, and he sees himself provokingly praised for gratifying rather than questioning a taste for sheer sensational entertainment.

There is another form of review which the author is tempted to resent, however appreciative, especially when he has relied upon some latent artistic surprises in order to stimulate his reader, and the critic unfolds the plot of his story. This is like asking a man an ingenious riddle, and then giving the answer, before he has had time to guess it. Some eager readers, indeed, cannot bear suspense, and turn to the last pages of a tale as soon as their curiosity is aroused. But it is hard for its clever constructor to have his unexpected situations revealed in an invitation to the public to buy his sensational work. The “denouement,” says the reviewer, “is exceedingly interesting,” and then he lets the cat out of the bag before anyone can begin to untie it. Sometimes, indeed, he is so forbearing as to hint only that there is a cat, and leaves the inquirer to feel for it himself. But in too many cases he gives sauce to his criticism by letting the hidden animal leap upon his page of remarks.

I am inclined to doubt whether there is much of what is called “log rolling,” as when two authors, who are also reviewers, say to one another, “You

scratch me, and I'll scratch you." The accepted critic is too much of a gentleman to play at this little game. And even if he is asked by an acquaintance (I will not call him "friend") to say a kind word in the "Press" for an unseen book, I question whether such a request is not likely to do it more harm than good. No respectable man allows his judgment to be affected before a witness has been heard. The claimant must be tried by such evidence as he can bring when he comes into open court. The book must appeal to its own contents.

It is curious, however, to see how a work (as many publishers and booksellers know to their cost) occasionally fails to impress the reading public (which has a taste and will of its own), and does not "catch on," though highly commended by the reviewers.

Sometimes, the public declines to accept an adverse judgment, and insists on reading what it is advised to let alone. As there have been eventually prized and popular books which one publisher after another has declined (I forget how many times "Jane Eyre" was "sent back" before it made its appearance, and was then devoured with eagerness), so the public has received with favour works which have been unfavourably "noticed." But, on the whole, the critic saves a reader trouble.

Men little know the history of all publications. Some are gladly accepted and bought by the publisher; others are put forth mainly at the writer's risk; and there are those for which the publisher will acknowledge no responsibility at all, the author being obliged to meet the cost of paper, printing, binding, and advertising, and then even paying for leave to have his name upon the title-page. And it is well for the possible reader that critics have a good supply of cold water to be poured on some such productions. Occasionally, in looking through a list of "notices," we come on one in which so pitiless a painful of condemnation is thrown upon the ambitious author that we fancy we can hear his or her wail before the new-born babe is drowned. The only satisfaction he or she then feels is when the book has been published anonymously, and none but friends, who have been taken into confidence, know anything of its disastrous appeal to fame. We are therefore obliged to the official executioner for saving us the task of infanticide, and are not at the trouble of even taking the child into our hands. The poor little thing (in perhaps its swaddling clothes of three volumes) is quietly disposed of at once. There is no putting of it out to nurse, or insurance of its life, in hope that it may die before long. It is smothered as soon as born, and the

possible reader, who has seen the announcement of its literary death (or, rather, lifelessness) is saved the vexation of having a book (with perhaps a tempting title) sent from the circulating library, and found to be unreadable after he has tasted a few spoonfuls of its contents. If he is wise he scans the column of "notices" rather than that of mere "announcements" before he posts the list of what he wants to Mudie.

When, however, we realise the torrent of publications which issue from the press, we cannot help feeling for him who is bound to take some notice of all that are laid upon the board of the dissector. To change our metaphor, the heap piled upon his table is unwinnowed before he turns it over in search for corn. Sometimes, however, he is tempted to dispose of a bushel which comes from a well-known granary, with the (unjust) thought that it is sure to be a sample which he dislikes. Perhaps it is the output of a publisher known to be a midwife of "specialists" (faddists) he possibly calls them), and he says to himself, "I know what they are driving at, it is the old story," and he hardly cares to see whether any fresh light is shed upon the familiar theme.

This suspicious temper is the parent of some disdainful reviews which are unjust to the publisher and reader alike. Others are the product of sheer haste. The critic does not actually "smell" his inserted paperknife, but after the reading of a few pages, leaps to the conclusion that he knows enough, and makes a note of what he thinks he ought to say about the book, whereas another quarter of an hour might have changed his mind. But the heap of expectant volumes is not unlike the crowd of outdoor patients who defile before the medical officer of a hospital, and unless he is struck by exceptional symptoms in one of them, he dispatches the procession with as few words of advice as possible, giving here a powder, there a pill, or, if he suspects that the applicant is shamming, a dose or blister intended to be a personal deterrent rather than a cure. Thus the interminable train of authors is often disposed of by the official critic with a sentence or two, honestly believed to be suitable; but when he comes across a literary impostor, or one suffering unpleasantly from the mere "itch of scribbling," he prescribes such a layer of stinging ointment as makes the patient smart. But when a genuine case involving special treatment appears, the interested reviewer seldom fails to handle it with considerate and experienced patience. The honest and pains-taking author is pretty sure to meet with his due in the critical pages of the "Press."



The Ballad of the Babūshka.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, AUTHOR OF "SENT BACK BY THE ANGELS."

[THE Wise Men, on their journey to find the Christ, called on the Babūshka to accompany them. "I cannot come," she answered, "till I have swept my house;" and the caravan went on without her. A little later the Babūshka followed, but was unable to overtake the Magi.]

Since that day she has wandered on for ever, vainly seeking the Christ-child. For His sake, and for the hope that it may be He, every young child is dear to her. The Babūshka is the Santa Claus of Russia.

My ballad, as will be apparent, follows the legend very closely, making no attempt at historical *vraisemblance*, and barely seeking to suggest oriental colour and accessory.—F. L.]

THE moon's light shell did ride alone,
Toss'd in the racing rack;
The poplars whiten'd with a moan,
Each in its belt of black.

Forth from her window in the thatch
Babūshka thrust her head.
"Now who comes here, ere day is clear,
To knock so loud?" she said.

"Three Kings are we of Araby,
And lo! by gap and peak,
Fast do we ride, with a star for guide,
A greater King to seek.

"We seek a King shall save us all,
And lo! a marvellous thing,
He lieth cradled in a stall,
A round-faced baby-King.

"Do on thy head-gear, good woman,
Do on thy sandal shoon:
By God's good grace we see His face
Ere rounds yon sickle-moon."

"I keep no maid in service paid
My household turns to do,
And eight-day deep is dust to sweep
Or ever I ride with you."

"We cannot wait before your gate;
Ye do our patience wrong:
The red star shakes like a heart that breaks
To see us dally so long."

Then, harsh and high, the driver's cry
Roll'd round his rimy beard:
The ass did gaze as he jingled by,
And the long-lipp'd camel sneer'd.

And there did creep upon the air
Odours of holy spice,
As tho' an angel had lighted there,
Breathing rich Paradise.

"Ye are hasty folk," Babūshka spoke,
"Too hot for guides of mine:
The dust my house shall never choke
For all the stars that shine."

With that she girt her woven skirt,
And wrought a bustling space,
Till back did gleam from tile and beam
Her nodding shiny face.

And then a camel scream'd afar,
She heard the ringing chains,
And lo! the pulse of the bearded star
Was leaping in her veins.

"O I will climb thro' rut and rime
The Mizpeh's beacon'd top,
And, when so nigh they hear me cry,
The tawny train will stop."

But when she won the tufted rise,
Mad snow-whirls dazed the air,
And trails of fire broke from her eyes,
And stars roll'd everywhere.

Yet once and again a bridle-chain
Chimed on her ears forlorn,
As a slipping thought in a sick man's brain
Before the shivering morn.

She wander'd on as a last year's leaf,
She drifted here and there,
And all the lost world's homeless grief
Did hunger in her stare.

She felt no change of dearth or mirth,
Of ice or glazing heat,
While all the sharp flints of the earth
Grew round beneath her feet.

The wind blows dank for her tears;
Her sighs the sad woods fill:
She seeks a goal she never nears:
O God, she wanders still!

"Whither away, O pale woman!
With yearning eyes and wild?"
"O I do seek, in a world so bleak,
A King that is a child!

"They call'd me once,—I know not when:
Their swords were broken spheres:—
Belike ye met rich-vested men
With gold drops in their ears?"

And when the year is musky May
Dream-dazed is all her sense;
She tracks down every sweet-snow'd way
The shaken frankincense.

And when she meets a twelvemonth child
She looks in hungering doubt.
Within her eyne a lamp doth shine,
And slowly burneth out.

She kisses it with running tears;
She sighs, a soul perplex:
"This is not He," then murmureth she,
"But it will be the next."

And, when a lighted town doth rise,
She moans, a shaken thing;
"There be so many stars," she sighs,
"So many bridles ring!"

And so she drifts adown the years,
A ghost with questing eyes,
While faint bells babble on her cars,
And swimming stars arise.

And so she blows about the world,
A foam-flake on the blast,
Till she do sight Christ's window-light,
And kiss His feet at last.

OCCASIONALITIES.

Protection of Wild Birds. The protection of our wild birds is so important and well-intentioned in every way, that it seems a pity for local authorities to bring the subject into ridicule. The recently issued schedule of birds whose eggs are not to be taken or destroyed within the county of London is, however, admirably calculated to do this. It contains a number of species that have never been known to nest in the county or even in the country. There is the Grey-headed Yellow Wagtail, for instance, which is admitted as a British bird solely on the strength of two stragglers having years ago been shot in one day at Penzance. From that time to this no other Grey-headed Yellow Wagtail has been seen at large in these islands. What are we to say, too, to the Rustic Bunting (*Emberiza rustica*), three specimens only of which have ever been seen here, the first having been recorded in 1867? A nest of either of these birds found within the county of London, or even in these islands, would be worth its weight in gold. Another Bunting, the Black-headed one, also figures in the list, though only known in Britain by a straggler or two from the Asiatic steppes. Of the same class is the Lesser Grey Shrike (*Lanius minor*), of which a solitary specimen put in an appearance at the Scilly Islands in November 1851; the next on record being shot at Great Yarmouth in 1869; the next another shot on the east coast in 1875; the fourth shot near Plymouth in September 1876. Four poor stragglers, probably blown across channel in storms, being all the British representatives of the species during forty-five years! Another curiosity of the list is the Great Grey Shrike (*Lanius excubitor*), which is unknown amongst us except as a winter visitor. It breeds in south-eastern Europe, away in the Urals and by the Volga; and its nest has never been found within a thousand miles of St. Paul's. There are other absurdities—but enough. Evidently the County Council must have prepared

against possibilities, as well as probabilities, in drawing up the list, unless indeed they have some grand scheme in view for changing the climate and physical features of the district under their control.

The Life of a Gold Mine.

There are a large number of investors in gold mines who look at the dividend and forget that the mine will not last for ever, though, of course, no sensible person invests in a gold mine in the true sense of the word, the object being to make the money by the rises in the value of the share, and clear out at latest the year before the mine "pays out." The life of a gold mine depends on the size of the reef and the number of "stamps" at work on it. Lately a very useful calculation has been made with regard to the expectation of life of the Witwatersrandt mines. One of the largest is estimated to run for fifteen years; another will run forty years; another only ten years; another from twenty to twenty-five years; another nine and a half; another ten and a half; and there are others whose lives are not worth more than seven or eight at the outside, while others at the present rate of output will last from sixty to eighty years. The way to look at these things is to take the dividend over the whole period, deduct from it the capital invested, and average the sum that remains over the years the mines will live. Take an example. A mine with an expectation of eight years pays dividends at the rate of 150 per cent. The pound shares are at the market price of £8. In eight years the investor will receive in dividends £12, but from this he must subtract his capital for reinvestment, which leaves him £4 in dividends. This £4 divided by the eight years yields half a sovereign per share per year in profit, which is at the rate of 6½ per cent. instead of 150, as the unwary might be inclined to suppose. There is another fact which should be looked at by the

too eager investor, with regard to reefs that have been found on the surface about which no doubt is supposed to be possible. Such reefs in nearly all cases have been enormously denuded, and in the course of the denudation a large portion of the gold will have been carried down into the sands and gravels at the foot of the hill, while some will by the percolation of surface waters carrying down some natural solvent, have been deposited in the upper portion of the lode itself and thereby enriched it. How deep this may depend on circumstances, but in any case it will make the lode appear to be much richer than it is, so that the old adage holds good that the deeper you go in a gold mine the poorer it becomes. The days of big nuggets are over; of alluvial diggings we hear nothing, it is all crushing in these times; and the rock that is crushed is not in the least like gold to the untrained eye. If anything glittering is seen it may in nine cases out of ten be taken to be pyrites or even marcasite. The saying goes that "all is not gold that glitters." It would be much nearer the truth to say that "almost all is not gold that glitters," for the glittering has so very little to do with the present state of gold mining when every ten pennyweights of gold costs seven pennyweights to extract it. There is another point which should be looked at in any gold-mining speculation, and that is the possibilities that may exist for obtaining the power to work the machinery. Johannesburg owes its phenomenal rise to its being on a coal-field as well as on a gold-field.

A Flitch
Tenure.

The proverb, "he may fetch a flitch of bacon from Dunmow," meaning that the man is so amiable that he will never quarrel with his wife, is fairly well known; and every now and then we read of the more or less burlesque proceedings at the little Essex town when the flitch provided for by Jura in 1111 is claimed. The custom, however, is not unique, as is generally supposed. The manor of Whichnor in Staffordshire was one of those held on flitch of bacon tenures. The holder had at all times of the year, except in Lent, to keep a flitch hanging in his hall that it might be delivered to any man or woman who should demand it, and swear on the gospels that he or she had been married a year and a day without repenting, and who could further honestly state that if they were single they would marry each other again, any other marriageable man or woman being in existence notwithstanding. One of the old parchment rolls of the manor contains the original entry concerning one of the grants.

"Hear ye, Sir Philippe de Somerville, Lord of Whichnor," it runs, "mayntener and giver of this baconne, that I sithe I wedded my wyfe and sythe I hadd hyr in my kepyng and at my wylle, by a year and a day after our marryage, I wod not have chaunged for none oþer farer or fowler, rycher nor pourer nor for none other descended of greater lynage, slepyng ne wakyng at noo time. And yf she were sole and I sole I wolde take hyr to be my wyfe before all the wymen in the worlde,

of what condicions soever they be, good or evylle, so help me God and his seyntis, and this flesh and all fleshes." The existence of this custom would seem to show that even in the old happy days of merrie England the man who married the wrong woman was by no means a curiosity.

Leech.
Farming.

We have had something to say with regard to alligator farming and sponge farming; we have now to mention another sort of farming equally useless, we fear, to the distressed agriculturist. Some years ago a few enterprising people made artificial swamps on the banks of the Garonne and filled these swamps with leeches. To be profitable these leeches must multiply in millions, which they are only too ready to do when provided with suitable food. The food thought fittest for them is living horseflesh, and to provide it the leech farmers buy up old worn-out horses and drive them into the swamps, where they are boxed up in wooden compartments, from which there is no escape. The leeches crawl on to them from the mud, and fasten on to them in thousands. Some realistic writer in describing this horrible trade tells us of the poor old horse being soon black with crawling creatures, the bloodsuckers fixing themselves most of all on the open wounds and galls. "The frantic terror of the poor animals is indescribable, as bleeding from all their sensitive parts they try vainly to shake off the leeches, but are at last sucked down into the noxious slime and seen no more." Nearly 20,000 horses are said to be sacrificed annually in this way at Bordeaux. There is certainly great exaggeration with regard to the numbers, for leeches, in this country at all events, are comparatively little used to what they used to be; but the whole business is truly horrid, and might well be put a stop to, as there is no reason for leeches to be necessary at all in these days. There are, in fact, not a million leeches used in British hospitals in a year, and these, except in a few eye cases, never would be missed. It has been mentioned that British horses are exported for the leech farms. This, however, is not the fact. Neither are horses exported for cat's meat. They go to the Continent to return as sausages and potted stuff, and it is not the bony ones that go, but the fleshy Shires and Clydesdales that have plenty of muscle on them.

Chilled Fruit.

Cold storage is not to rest content with the animal kingdom; it has serious designs on the vegetable kingdom also, and has made several incursions into it lately, as mere scientific expeditions, of course. Among others the Nova Scotia people have been chilling fruit with a view to exportation, and a very interesting series of experiments they have conducted. Plums in thirty-four degrees Fahrenheit have lasted three weeks, without their flavour being affected, though after that they soon went to the bad. Peaches stored on September 5 lasted all well till October 1. Pears, well packed, lasted from September 1 till

December 10, and others, of another variety, were uninjured at the end of four months, as were also sundry varieties of apples. Even grapes chilled on September 27 were in first rate condition at the end of the year. Averaging the experiments, it appeared that apples and pears could easily be kept sound in cold air for a month or two, although stone fruit could not be depended on for more than two or three weeks. It all depends on the picking and the packing. The fruit must be picked when it is fully grown, and just before it has thoroughly matured; and it should be wrapped separately in tissue paper and packed in tight wooden boxes or at least baskets with lids. Given these conditions, the fruit can be held over for a month or more awaiting a favourable market, or voyaging across the sea. A large supply of sound cheap fruit would do us all good, but it is obvious that a rise in freights would make many other people happy besides the shipowners.

Sisal.

Sisal planting is flourishing in the Bahamas, and the colony has been expressing its gratitude to Sir Ambrose Shea for having given the islands a new industry that promises to be a big one. Of late years there has been a run on fibres, and Sisal has been making headway, particularly in the United States. The plant is so called from the name of the port from which it was originally shipped, at the north-west corner of Yucatan. It is not a new plant by any means. Yucatan got it through the Maya Indians, who were the descendants of the old Toltecs, who once held dominion in the valley of Mexico. There were and are two plants, both agaves, the Sacqui and the Yaxqui, the former with teeth on its leaf edges, the latter without; and it is the latter, now known as *Agave sisalana*, which is to become the staple of the Bahamas. It has been introduced into Florida, and into Turks Islands, and from the Turks into Jamaica, and is, in fact, being experimented with in several of the West Indian Colonies. It has one great advantage in being able to stand eleven months' drought in the year, but it requires a good deal of care all the same. Like all the agaves, it is more noticeable for its rigidity and symmetry than for its beauty, and like all of them it dies away soon after it has shot up its pole of flowers that ranges from fifteen to twenty feet high. Before much capital was invested in its cultivation it was important to discover how many years it took before it poled; so that the planter might know how long he could depend upon its yielding him his harvest of leaves. Experiments in the matter were made at Kew, and it is now known that some plants will pole at five years, while others will last till seven or more before attempting their first and final effort at reproduction by means of seed. The flowers are sure to come sooner or later, providing the plant is uninjured, but it is only exceptionally in a wild state that seed pods are produced; and in cultivation the pole is nipped and bent down so that it never comes to anything, the plants being almost entirely reproduced

from the underground suckers, that are given off in the second or third year. A Sisal plantation is a formal affair of some 600 or 800 agaves to the acre, each of them four or five feet high, the leaves all springing from the base, and so stiff and straight and threatening that ample room has to be left between the plants for the labourers to pass across the field. The leaves are not fit for cutting till the third or fourth year, when a few of the largest are removed; next year the plant becomes more vigorous, and a dozen leaves can be taken off it two or three times. But the cutting must not be overdone, for if too many leaves are taken, the plant does not find its life worth living, and hastily sets to work to pole and die. The leaves are put into a machine, where they are scutched and cleaned, and from it the fibre comes forth free from pith and quite straight. To keep the fibres white the leaves have to be cleaned within a few hours of their being cut from the plant; in fact, they are morning gathered and afternoon gathered, like strawberries, the former being cleaned in the afternoon and the latter next morning. About half a ton of fibre is yielded to the acre, or even more, and the London price is some £17 a ton. There are 25,000 acres now under cultivation in the Bahamas, and 90,000 more have been disposed of for the purpose, so that in a few years the colony will be exporting about 50,000 tons, which may not be much compared to the world's consumption of other white ripe fibres, but is still an appreciable contribution.

Sewing Cotton in China.

Among the minor curiosities of trade is that of the importation of sewing cotton into China. In 1894 this amounted to nearly £20,000 in value. The Chinaman does not like change, and all the cotton he takes must be on English reels, or on reels that resemble them; the white cotton on black wood, the other coloured cotton on white wood. The best cotton he buys comes from Britain, and it commands the best prices, but the cheaper stuff from Belgium and Germany is now being taken largely, as will probably be the far cheaper stuff from Japan that will soon be ready to be poured in. Nothing but six-cord or three-cord is looked at, the six-cord in lengths of two hundred yards, the three-cord in both hundred yard and two hundred yard lengths; and of these 60 per cent. are white in colour, the makes of Coats, Brooke, and Clark having the preference. The sizes have all to be specially selected for the Chinese market. Sewing cotton, wholesale, is shipped in boxes of 25 gross each, and a three-cord box for China is made up of three grosses each of 12, 16, 20, and 40 sizes; two each of 8, 10, 24, 30, 36, and 50; and one gross of 60; while the six-cord assortment consists of four grosses each of 8, 16, 30, and 40; three grosses of 36; one each of 10, 12, 20, and 24; and half a gross each of 50, 60, 70, and 80. During the last few years the so-called glacé cottons have been tried, but the Chinaman as yet has not taken very kindly to them.

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.



PHOTOGRAPHING THE MILKY WAY.

THE accompanying photograph of a part of the Milky Way—that “broad and ample road, whose dust is gold and pavement stars”—is one of the most marvellous representations of celestial scenery ever published. It was taken a short time ago by Professor E. E. Barnard, by means of a lens precisely similar to the lens of a camera, but

larger, being six inches in diameter and thirty inches long. The Milky Way, or rather the part of it here shown, will be seen to be made up of innumerable stars. In the centre of the picture, and also near the bottom right-hand corner, stars occur immersed in undefinable nebulosity. The “fluid haze of light” surrounding these stars is believed by astronomers to be the material from which worlds are formed, and, whatever may be thought

of this hypothesis, it is certain that celestial objects can be arranged in regular gradations, from the nebula to the star devoid of any trace of nebulosity. As showing that valuable results can be obtained by simple means, Professor Barnard has taken a number of photographs with a lens only one and a half inches in diameter, from a magic lantern. Pictures procured with this simple instrument have revealed peculiarities as to the structure of the Milky Way not before known. Wherefore, let not aspiring astronomers be cast down with the thought that there are no more worlds or facts to discover even with limited opportunities.

THE CONDUCTION OF LIGHTNING BY TREES.

It has long been known that some trees are more frequently struck by lightning than others. The laurel is seldom struck, while the oak is often selected for destruction by the electrical discharge, though, of course, other circumstances, such as soil, moisture, position, as well as the nature of a tree, go to determine the liability to be struck. Statistics obtained in one of the forests in Germany, where forestry is seriously and widely studied, show that in a period of eleven years (1879-90), fifty-six oaks were struck by lightning, three pines and twenty firs, but not a single beech-tree, though the trees in the forest were 70 per cent. beech, 11 per cent. oaks, 13 per cent. pines, and 6 per cent. firs. The fact that the beech-trees, though more than twice as numerous as all the other trees put together, were not struck at all, is a very remarkable indication of their immunity from attack. On the other hand, the pyramid poplar is specially liable to be struck by lightning. Herr Jonescu has lately experimented with the view of determining the degree of conductivity of electricity offered by different kinds of wood. One result of his inquiry was that the more resin or oil contained in a piece of wood cut from a living tree, the greater was the resistance offered to the passage of electricity through the wood. It follows from this that those trees which during the season of thunderstorms are rich in fatty materials are to a great extent protected from lightning, while those that are poor in oil during the same period, and which contain much starch, are more liable to be struck.

A REMARKABLE LIZARD.

Mr. Saville-Kent, whose photographs and observations of the Great Barrier Coral-reef of Australia have attracted much attention, has lately brought to this country from Australia a living example of a singular lizard, the first ever brought alive to Europe. The most conspicuous feature of the animal is a voluminous frill or collar, which is neatly folded in symmetrical pleats around the neck and shoulders under ordinary circumstances, but is spread out, much after the manner of the unfurling of an umbrella, when the lizard is angry. By means of an Anschütz camera, Mr. Kent has obtained a number of very striking instantaneous photographs of the creature, one of which is here shown.

This picture, in addition to being curious, is remarkable because it establishes the truth of a

report that the frilled lizard was in the habit of running erect on its hind legs. The distance which it will traverse in this strange erect position



averages as much as thirty or forty feet at a stretch. When, however, a short space of a few yards only has to be covered, the animal runs on all fours, like ordinary lizards.

WANDERING ATOMS.

Physicists have taught for some years that the molecules of every substance are in a state of rapid motion, and a number of striking experiments lately made by Professor Roberts-Austen conclusively prove that such is the case. Several cylinders of lead, rather less than three inches high, were fixed to gold bases and allowed to stand in a warm space for a few days. Slices of lead were then cut off at different heights and analysed, and they were found to contain gold, though at the beginning of the experiment not a particle of the royal metal was in them. Gold atoms had, in fact, diffused into the lead in much the same way as two liquids such as alcohol and water, or two gases, will diffuse into each other. The rate at which this wandering of atoms takes place depends upon the temperature at which the solids are kept, and Professor Roberts-Austen has found that gold will diffuse right to the top of a three-inch lead cylinder in three days, when the temperature is far lower than that at which lead melts.

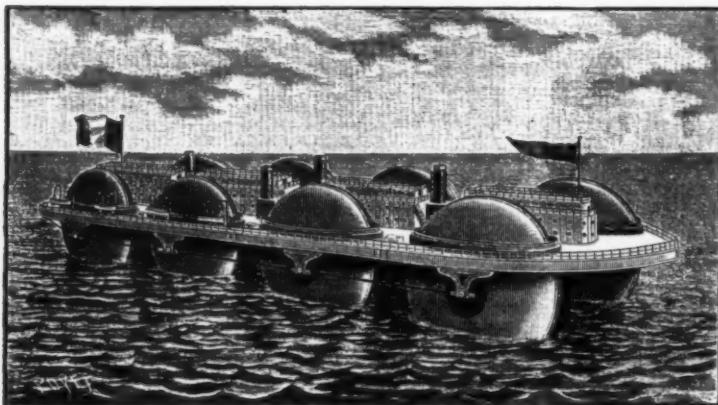
CHILDREN'S INVERTED DRAWINGS.

The crystalline lens in the eye, like the lens of a camera, causes the image of an object to be inverted upon the retina. Psychologists have yet to explain in detail, however, why we see things right side up, instead of in the inverted position corre-

sponding to the retinal image; though it is believed that the re-inversion is effected mentally, and is determined and controlled by sensations of touch. There is no difficulty in accepting this explanation, for every photographer gets so familiar with the inverted positions of things, as seen upon the screen of his camera, that he never thinks there is anything strange about the topsy-turvy picture which he focuses. In connection with this question it has lately been pointed out that many young children draw things upside down. Whether this habit depends upon the inversion of the retinal image is, however, difficult to say. Mrs. D. H. Scott states in "Nature" that if a child who draws things upside down, when drawing on a horizontal table, is asked to draw on a blackboard placed vertically, he will draw everything the right way up. Thus the explanation of inverted drawings seems to be that some children have a difficulty in drawing upon a horizontal surface things they always see vertically.

A BOAT ON WHEELS.

A novel boat designed by M. Bazin is in course of construction at the Saint-Denis ship-building yard, on the Seine, and is described in "La Nature." The accompanying illustration represents a model of this singular aquatic monument, which consists essentially of a platform supported about twenty feet above the surface of the



water by means of eight large hollow buoys. These buoys are really floating wheels connected by shafts under the platform, and they will be turned by powerful engines, so that the boat will actually run along the water like a carriage on a road. The boat will certainly be a curious construction, but it is hardly likely to prove of much service to navigation.

EFFECTS OF AFRICAN PRAIRIE FIRES.

Mr. Scott Elliot has recently described in "Science Progress" some curious effects of great prairie fires on vegetation. The wide plains in the interior of tropical Africa, which are covered with luxuriant grass and patrolled by hundreds of antelopes and other kinds of game in the rainy season, are a few months later nothing but blackened ashes

and charcoal, owing to the fires that annually take place. There is thus no accumulation of leaf-mould and stems, and so the soil never becomes in the least improved. The effect of this is to change entirely the natural character of the vegetation. The season of flowering for many trees and herbaceous plants is completely altered, and a large number of the latter send up flowering stems entirely without leaves after the first shower of the rainy season, so as to give the appearance of a flower cut off and planted in the earth. A few trees manage to thrive in spite of the annual conflagration, their fireproof character being apparently due to a peculiar inner bark very similar in some respects to the artificial cork of commerce. The fires destroy the outer more or less dead tissues of the bark, and indirectly cause an increase of the corky matter which protects the trees.

A NEW SOURCE OF RÖNTGEN RAYS.

Many have worked with Röntgen rays, but few have added anything to the account of their properties given in the original communication of the eminent Marburg professor. What appears to be the most important find in the field of research recently opened, is that phosphorescent substances emit radiations having the same characteristics as the famous x rays. M. Henri Becquerel was the first to discover this; and one of his experiments

proves the fact very conclusively. He placed a photographic plate in a light-tight tin box having an aluminium top, with the sensitised face of the plate facing the aluminium. If the box was exposed to sunlight for a whole day the plate was unaffected, thus showing that ordinary radiations could not penetrate the metal; but when a crystal of a certain uranium salt was placed upon the aluminium, and sunlight was allowed to fall upon it, an image of the crystal was formed on the sensitised surface, which fact clearly proves that the phosphorescent uranium salt emitted radiations capable of passing through aluminium.

Further experiments have shown that various phosphorescent bodies give out rays capable of traversing substances which are opaque to ordinary light. M. Troost finds that an artificial blende—hexagonal zinc sulphide—prepared by Henri Saint-Claire and himself so far back as 1861 gives excellent results. He exposes crystals of this substance to sunlight or burning magnesium ribbon, in order to render them phosphorescent, and then places them in a cardboard box. The box of crystals may afterwards be used instead of the electrically excited Crookes tube, and the rays emitted by it enable shadow photographs to be taken of simple objects, though a longer time of exposure is required. Apparently the day is coming when the means for photographing the invisible can be carried in the coat pocket.

ITALY IN AFRICA.

BY JESSIE WHITE MARIO.

READERS of the "Leisure Hour," in the sketches of "Italian Explorers in Africa," have faithful biographies of the adventurous pioneers who, in the service of science, or in the hopes of founding stations and opening out fresh routes to commerce, or with the mission of introducing the Christian religion, of abolishing the slave trade, spent their lives on the Dark Continent, where most of them ended their days, not always finding a grave when their career of hardship, peril, physical and mental suffering, was ended.¹ In Italy their exploits and discoveries, their glowing pictures of the grand future lying before the unknown country, fired the imagination of the young generations born too late to share the glory of the creators of One Italy, free and independent. When the founders of the new Italy objected to any attempt at conquest or colonisation abroad while a third of the young kingdom was uncultivated and unhealthy, and the populations of Sicily, Sardinia, the Roman Campagna were wretched, ignorant, and uncivilised, they were told that the moral and social work required was well fitted for their old age, and that the mission of the youth of Italy was to seek out fresh fields and pastures new.

In 1878 all the great powers of Europe secured fresh territory after the congress of Berlin; England occupied Egypt and Cyprus; Austria new posts on the Adriatic; Germany planted colonies in Eastern Africa; Belgium created the State of the Congo; France occupied Tonquin and Tunis; the Italians complained that the young kingdom had no part in this movement. In Africa the thin end of the wedge was inserted by the purchase of Assab and the near island of Damarkie from Beheren, Sultan of the Danikili lands, for a coaling station. Then, after the revolt of the Mahdi, Italy offered her services to England for the suppression of the Soudan rebellion. On the pretext of discovering and avenging the murders of Giuletti, Biglieri, and thirteen Italian sailors in 1882, and of Gustavus Bianchi by the Danikili near Assab, the Government decided on sending a thousand soldiers under General Saletta to the Red Sea. These landed at Massowah, planted the Italian flag side by side with the Egyptian, but there received the tidings of the fall of Kartoum, the death of Gordon, later of the Hewitt treaty, by which Egypt ceded the Bogus territory to King of Kings John of Abyssinia, and of the intention of England to withdraw from the Soudan.

As the murderers of the explorers could not be found, and the English Government had declared in the House that the Italians had gone to Massowah on their own responsibility, the leading men of

Italy, without distinction of parties, maintained that the troops should be at once withdrawn, as they would have to confront here the Dervishes, there the Abyssinians. But the troops were not withdrawn; Egypt, to whom England suggested that an Italian occupation would be probably the least of evils, left Massowah; Colonel Gené sent detachments to Archiko, Arafala, Saatti; and King John, whom the English, after the Abyssinian expedition of 1868, had placed on the throne when Theodore had committed suicide rather than surrender, ordered his feudal chief Ras Alula to drive them out of their positions.

In 1887 the minister Depretis announced to the House that Captain de Cristoforis, with 500 soldiers, had been attacked by this Ras, that they had made a heroic resistance, and when all their ammunition was exhausted, had fallen, "all in line"; that only one, stripped and wounded, had succeeded in reaching Massowah with the news of the catastrophe. He demanded five millions to send reinforcements; and the commission, with Crispi, then one of the staunchest opponents of African occupation, for reporter, voted the sum. Twenty-five thousand troops were sent out. Meanwhile King John, who had attacked the Dervishes and succeeded in routing them, was killed in the hour of his triumph.

The "wars of succession" that ensued enabled General Baldassara, the new commander, to take possession of Keren and the Asmara; but the Home Government, of which Crispi, after the death of Depretis, was Premier, commenced negotiations with Menelik, king of Shoah, and supported his claims to empire. This Menelik had always befriended the Italian explorers, especially Antinori; now, after long and tedious negotiations, the Ucciali treaty was concluded. Menelik was treated by the Italians as their *protégé*; large gifts were sent, 10,000 muskets and quantities of ammunition. A frontier line was agreed upon, but afterwards rectified when disagreements arose as to the seventeenth article of the treaty. According to the Italian translation Menelik was to recognise the protectorate of Italy, only to treat with foreign powers through the medium of Italy.

This clause Menelik repudiated; Antonelli was sent out, and most amusing scenes occurred. Menelik, and more expressively his queen Taitù, scouted the idea of being under the protectorate of any European nation. Antonelli gently explained that Italy did not vaunt her protectorate, but that if this seventeenth article was cancelled she would not be able to support the king's rights. Then Ras Maconnen,

¹ By Sofia Bompiani, reprinted in a volume, with portraits of the explorers, in the "Leisure Hour" Library, New Series.

Menelik's ambassador to Italy, was summoned from Harrar, and reproached for having favoured the Italians. Menelik said that he understood that he "might" if he chose avail himself of the friendly assistance of the King of Italy in case he should need it in treating with other powers, and that the Italian translation from the Amharic of "must" for "might" altered the whole spirit of the transaction. Ras Maconnen, who had been fêted in Italy and decorated with the Order of the Crown, tried to smooth over matters, but the queen openly accused him of having been bribed. And to Antonelli she said: "Your Government has sent their version of the seventeenth article to the great powers. We have done the same with ours. You have striven to impress upon them that we are protected by you. This we will never consent to."

The last version offered was this: "The seventeenth article of the treaty of Ucciali is cancelled. His Majesty the Emperor of Ethiopia pledges himself neither to concede any portion of his territories, nor to make treaties, nor to accept any protectorate whatsoever."

The Emperor was as good as his word. He



MENELIK.

refused to be crowned Emperor in the sacred city of Ayum because the Italians under Baldassara had marched down to it. He denounced the treaty to the European powers, professing meanwhile the greatest affection for King Humbert and his gracious queen Margaret, and meanwhile received gifts from the various envoys who went on missions, all fruitless. Salimbeni, the "resident," reported to his Government that Chefneux, accompanied by a French artillery officer, took fifteen cannon to Shoah. Antonelli himself helped Menelik to acquire arms and ammunition in Belgium. In the end, by hook or by crook, the uncrowned Emperor of Abyssinia, as recent events showed, was able to put an army on the field carrying 70,000 muskets, and provided with large quantities of ammunition and twenty guns.

In his resistance to the claim of Italy, Menelik is backed up, nay, spurred on, by the numerous ras or feudal lords who, while they receive their investiture from him, and are responsible to the Crown for the payment of taxes and tributes, exercise in reality royal authority, raise troops,

form bands, compel the inhabitants to maintain them during the wars that they incessantly wage one with the other, or as now against the Italians, and are one and all opposed to any foreign intervention.

Menelik, while seconding the queen in her ambitious aspirations, is in reality jealous of his ras, especially of Ras Mangascia; and prevents any of them from becoming too powerful, lest they should seize the empire. Hence these restless chiefs often make the most insinuating offers to the Italians in order to induce them to recognise their particular claims.

Italian Claims. Briefly, in 1891, Italy claimed in

Africa possessions on the coast of the Red Sea extending from Cape Kasar to the southern limit of the sultanate of Raheita, on the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, comprising Massowah and its territory, with Beiluland Gubbi, to Cape Rakhmat and Cape Sintair, *i.e.* Assab and its territory, Keren, and Asmara. The sultan of Obbia on the Somali coast had put his sultanate under the protection of Italy in 1889, which was extended by treaty with the sultan of Mijertain Somalis; and the coast of Benadir, from the sultanate of Obbia to the mouth of the Juba, was declared to be under the protection of Italy under arrangement with Great Britain.

One word about Harrar, which is the zone most coveted by European nations and by Italy especially: the Egyptian domination lasted until 1884, when Radouina Pasha, after consigning Berbera to the English, replaced upon the throne of Harrar the son of old Emir Abdullai abd-el-Sciakrur. In January 1887 Menelik, in the bloody battle of Cialanco, massacred the army of the Emir and possessed himself of Harrar, sending Degiac Macconnen, his late ambassador to the Italian court, to be governor. England retained Zeila, and France took Gibuti, having already Obeck; and by a tacit agreement between the two powers, neither of them were to attempt the conquest of Harrar, nor were they to sanction its being taken by any other power save by mutual consent. Last year Macconnen, who had always been friendly to the Italians, expelled them all by order of Menelik from the territory.

When the discussions anent the Ucciali treaty were at their height, the Rudini-Nicotera ministry, most of whose members had always deprecated African extension, succeeded the (first) Crispi cabinet, February 1891; their programme was "economy to the bone: the equilibrium between income and expenditure without laying on fresh taxes." A commission of inquiry was sent to Africa to what is now called the colony of Eritrea; their report was not favourable as a whole: the ministers considered that there was very little to show for the vast sums already spent.

Baratieri sent out.

They recalled General Gandolfi, and sent out Colonel Oreste Baratieri, a chip of the old Garibaldian block, who, after the campaigns for the liberation of southern Italy, had passed into the regular army, where he distinguished himself as colonel of the Bersaglieri corps. As

one of the most competent writers on military affairs, he had been much fêted by Moltke and other foreign generals. An enthusiastic champion of Italy in Africa, he had written much on Harrar. A little later he was made governor of the zone of Keren.

The Dervishes, who had never consented to the cession of the Bogus territory to the Abyssinians, gave him no little trouble; twice he defeated them, at Agordat in 1890, where he constructed a fort, and later at Sagoneiti. Endowed with civil and military powers, he set himself to restore order to Massowah, to repress brigandage, to prevent slaves from being shipped from the Soudan at Massowah, to promote commerce and agriculture, to build roads, finish railroads. He created a sanitary commission, encouraged the natives to attend to agriculture, to build huts; and then he set himself to reorganise the military forces of the country.

Much had been done to create a native militia by Generals Baldassara and Gondolfi, but the Italian officers who commanded them had little control over them, keeping themselves to themselves as much as possible. By himself setting the example of living among the soldiers, Baratieri soon trained a fresh body of officers to do the same.

The necessity of counting upon native troops for warlike purposes is obvious: a native soldier costs 653 lire per annum; a European soldier 1,025 lire;

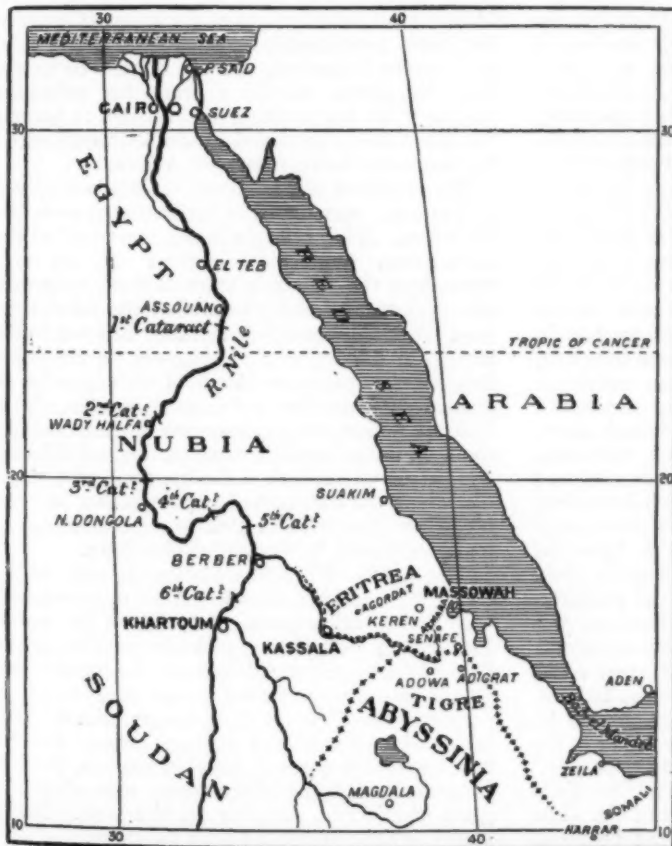
the former march more rapidly, stand the climate better, need no baggage-trains, as they carry their grain, grind it between two stones, heat it on the same, or a gridiron, and can do with small quantities in comparison with Europeans. As for their sick and wounded, they leave them at the nearest village or with the nearest nomad tribe, carrying off their arms.

As soon as the natives found themselves cared for, kindly treated by their officers, they became devoted to them. They soon learned manual arts—to construct forts, build roads, prepare mines and earthworks; they even learned to read and write, so as to assist the non-commissioned Italian officers in their duty.

In all his efforts Baratieri was ably and cheerfully seconded by Colonel (we fear "late" General) Arimondi, and when the former was summoned to Italy at the close of 1893 the latter was left in command. The Dervishes thought this a fine opportunity to march from Kassala and assault the fort, but Arimondi was ready for their reception with two thousand native troops, two squadrons of cavalry, and two batteries. Perceiving that it was their intention to attack the fort during the night, he swooped down on their whole front, ranged along the torrent Damtai, and, after two hours' fighting, routed them utterly. They were sent flying back across the Barca, leaving 1,400 slain and wounded on the field, among the killed their commander and many emirs; sixty banners and a *mitrailleuse* were taken. The Italians lost two wounded, and about a hundred askars. The inhabitants above and below Agordat rejoiced exceedingly.

Meanwhile the Rudini-Nicotera ministry had come to an amicable agreement anent the respective spheres of British and Italian influence north-west and north of Abyssinia; and one clause permitted Italy to occupy Kassala and the territories up to the Atbara, should such seem necessary for the security of the colony.

Crispi, returning to the helm in December 1893, reversed the modest African policy of the Rudini-Nicotera cabinet, and decided on the occupation of Kassala. Baratieri, in July 1894, silently and secretly, having secured ample information as to the position and forces of the Dervishes in Kassala, made a march of 200 kilometres in four days, surprised their camp, routed and dispersed 4,000 of them, and took possession of the city. There he laid the foundations of a fort; he also liberated the



Egyptian prisoners, and pacified the families of the tribes who had gathered on the Gasc. A little later he returned to Massowah, where congratulations poured in upon him from Italy, England, Germany. Still the opponents of African extension bewailed the "folly" of extending the western frontier of the colony 400 kilometres from Massowah and the Red Sea.

The governor was exceedingly wise in restoring to their native provinces and districts all the tribes who had been ousted and brutally treated by the Dervishes; and to their attachment to the colony we may attribute the fact that after the inauguration of the fort at Kassala, with the exception of a few raids easily repulsed, the Dervishes for a long period gave little trouble.

Menelik, in the early part of the year, had been too much occupied with his raids among the Voltami, where he massacred 70,000, made 20,000 slaves, and "lifted" 60,000 cattle, to trouble himself about the Italians or the Dervishes; but when he returned, his ras besieged him with supplications to bestir himself, urging that the "Italians, now masters of Kassala, would never be content until they had possessed themselves of the whole of Abyssinia." Ras Mangascia presented himself, with the stone round his neck in token of allegiance, and prayed to be made King of Tigré. "How can you be a king without a kingdom?" quoth Menelik. "Go and drive out the Italians, and we will see."

When, however, Baratieri was at Keren in the autumn, Mangascia offered, with Ras Agos, to assist the Italians in keeping the Dervishes in order, and he agreed to accept their services if necessary. Suddenly he received the news that Degiac Batha Agos, a chief of the Oculé Cusai district, who for years had served the Italians faithfully, had deserted his post; that the telegraph was intercepted at Saganeti. With true Garibaldian intuition, he understood the whole situation, telegraphed to Major Toselli to march instantly with his native troops, and to the Home Government wrote: "We must put down all rebellion at any cost, or we may have the Dervishes and Abyssinians down on us together." Toselli, over precipices and across

Plot against
the Italians.

swamps, rushed to the rescue just in time. Castelazzi, with one company, had been holding 1,500 rebels at bay; they had attacked the fort and garrison of Halai when Toselli came up and routed them, slaying Batha Agos and his chief adherents. Papers were seized which proved a long fostered suspicion of Baratieri's, that the French Lazzarists, who had always been hostile to the Italians, were at the bottom of the plot; that Batha Agos had been induced by Ras Mangascia to betray his post; and that the ambitious chief, under the pretext of collecting troops to go against the Dervishes, was instead getting together a large army to invade the colony. The governor surprised other correspondence with another ras friendly to the Italians, to whom Mangascia wrote: "The Italians will be sent into the sea; you can't go to the sea or to the sky—come over to us—it will be better for you." And the soldiers in the camp sang, "The bite of the black serpent can be cured, but that of the white serpent is mortal." These details must be borne

in mind, because if Baratieri had attacked the ras beyond the frontier of the colony without direct provocation, he would have been the aggressor, and, as such, would have been justly blamed by his fellow countrymen and by Europe. As it was, he merely concentrated his forces at Adi Ugri, leaving a detachment to guard the heights of Mareb.

He was cheered by the fact that all the mobile militia, who are left in their homes during peace, quitted their agricultural pursuits and responded to his summons; also, the citizens of Massowah volunteering to keep order there, he could avail himself of all the *cacciatori*. His object was to secure peace by demonstrating the power and intention of the Italians to repulse any invasion of the colony. There was a chance that Ras Mangascia, after the signal defeat of Batha Agos, and the evident repugnance of the Tigrines to war, might desist from his designs. Hence he marched on Adowa, where the priests and population received him timidly.

The Abyssinians, or, as they call themselves, Ethiopians, since their conversion in the fourth century, have remained members of the Alexandrian Church—are, in short, Monophysites. The Patriarch of Alexandria appoints and consecrates the Abuna, or head of the Church, who is always a Copt; but he is in turn controlled by the Echegheh, a native ecclesiastical dignitary, who presides over the religious orders. The Copts have ever been partial to the Italians, because their religion has always been respected, and, especially since Baratieri's advent, the religious liberty of Mussulmans and Copts, as of the Roman Catholics, has been scrupulously safeguarded. Theopholis, the present Echegheh, did his utmost to induce Ras Mangascia to desist from his rebellious designs; but he, vaunting his intention to become "king of the sea," persisted, even when "astounded" by Baratieri's daring march on Adowa.

The Governor sent hundreds of soldiers disguised as peasants, merchants, or herdsmen, to scour the territories. They brought in exact news of all the movements, numbers, intentions of the ras; throughout the war only three of these spies were taken prisoners, which proves that the inhabitants were favourable, or rather that they believed in the success of the Italians. Mangascia, on the other hand, could obtain no tidings of their marches or plans. After marches and counter-marches, which, with the military map before one, seem incredible, owing to the mountains, swamps, tangled thickets, and passes where, with difficulty, men pass single file, where the transport of artillery seems impossible, when Baratieri saw that Mangascia meant to make for Coatit, he forestalled him there.

Baratieri's
victory.

When Ras Mangascia, with 10,000 soldiers, and Ras Alula in reserve with other 2,000, advanced on the eve of January 12 (1895) and took up position at the base of the mountain, intending to ascend to Coatit on the morrow, the Italian troops were already in position—the Cicco di Cola battery with its guns laid, Majors Toselli and Galliano (names that are now household words in Italy) in the van, Hidalgo in reserve—nay, the weary troops were allowed a good night's rest, sleeping on the wing. Not a sound or light proceeded from the camp.

At sunrise on the morrow the battery sends its first shrapnel into the rebel camp. The general and his staff take up position on a cone-shaped height, and can see that though the enemy is utterly surprised he is ready at all points, that he is quite at home in the district, and bent on the Abyssinian tactics of surrounding the adversary. Nothing daunted by the volley of musketry and surely aimed shrapnels, nor by the deadly havoc made in their ranks, the van is making for the wells of Coatit. One company, deceived by their imitation of the askars' war-cry, has been surrounded; Toselli extricates them. The staff, rejoined by a section of artillery, is now the target. Gallant Castellani and numerous askars fall by Baratieri's side; he and Arimondi, ever in the thickest of the fight, perceive that lofty hills to the north of Coatit are occupied, fancy that they descry the tent of Mangascia, so turn the guns towards it.

Night falls, but no one sleeps; on the morrow the game recommences; Baratieri sending his battalions to greet Ras Alula coming to the rescue. At even the bodies of the fallen are interred under a sycamore, near the church of Coatit. There a Copt priest comes with offers of peace from Mangascia. "Tell the rebel that I will not even treat with him till the last of his men has recrossed the Belesa," is the answer.

The same evening an askar, made prisoner and escaped, brought the news that the losses of the enemy were immense, the ammunition failing, the troops disheartened. In fact, during the night all decamped, in full retreat for Senafè. Agos Uold Tafari, the ras whom Mangascia had expelled from Agame because he, after a letter inciting him to desert the Italians, had refused, offered to join in pursuit.

The camp is raised, the guns removed; all arrive at Toconda, where the ras had passed a few hours before; away towards Senafè, the guns and van in position at Tarica fire into the freshly pitched camp of the ras. Again night falls, and on the morrow the whole force marches down on Senafè, but only to find the camp again abandoned in the utmost confusion, the tent of the ras pierced with a shrapnel, banners, food, arms, and correspondence abandoned.

Agos Uold Tafari, coming up with his promised band, swore on the cross to be faithful to the Italians, and followed up the fugitives. The inhabitants of Senafè exulted, but this they would have done had the ras been victorious.

Baratieri, not deeming it prudent to follow in pursuit, left Major Galliano with two companies at Senafè to support Tafari in his projected occupation of Adigrat, and returned with his main forces to Oculé Cusai; ordered the construction of a fort at Saganeti; set detachments to guard Adis Adi and Adis Caiè; and on January 23 dissolved the corps of operation and sent the mobile militia to their homes. With a force never exceeding 3,800 men, all natives, with sixty-five Italian officers and forty-two soldiers, he had defeated, routed, and dispersed 12,000 of the best troops under Ras Mangascia and Ras Alula.

It was generally believed that the Abyssinians

would consider themselves beaten and sue for peace on fair terms. But from the official documents published in the green books it appears that Baratieri never entertained these illusions. The correspondence taken in the tent of the ras proved that he, Menelik, and all the other feudal lords were, in concert, determined to expel the Italians from Africa.

Annexations. The Italians were naturally highly gratified by the victory, but, with the exception of the "war to the knife" party, insisted on the troops remaining in their old colony. "Ras Mangascia," they said, "has been thoroughly chastised; now is the moment for us to make peace with Menelik as, after, such a victory, we can afford to do so without losing our prestige." But the Crispi government "did not see it." Baratieri was summoned to Rome, and we do not yet know what were the precise instructions then given to him. Certain it was that the chambers would grant no fresh funds for Africa.

In September Baratieri, returning to Massowah, found that Ras Mangascia was still troublesome; but, after attacking and defeating the rear of his new army, he seems to have considered that for the time being he might devote himself to reorganisation. Officers and material were sent from Italy, and fresh native battalions enrolled. Meanwhile the Tigre was annexed, and also Agame, which province was assigned to Agos Uold Tafari, who had assisted in the pursuit of Ras Mangascia. A fort was constructed at Adigrat, the capital of Agame, and Arimondi left in command. The construction of a new fort at Macallè was entrusted to Major Toselli, who was also instructed to make reconnaissances between Macallè and the Ascianghi lake. On November 20 this new fort was occupied. Toselli, with eleven Italian officers and some 2,400 native troops, then followed out the instructions given to reconnoitre, keeping his base at Amba Alaghi, one of those huge square buildings on the crests of hills so common in Abyssinia. Naturally he adopted the old system of scouts, and this time they brought but scant information.

Ras Maconnen and Ras Mangascia made the usual professions of desiring peace, and sent letters through Toselli to Baratieri; but at the end of November they made no secret of their intention to march and recover the lost provinces for Menelik, who, they said, would assuredly take the command in person. Several skirmishes occurring between the outposts, Toselli warned Arimondi that an attack was certain, and that it would be well if he could come or send reinforcements. This Arimondi instantly prepared to do, sending messengers to Baratieri with accounts of the situation. The Governor replied, ordering him to recall Toselli and concentrate all his forces at Adigrat, and on no account to accept a general engagement until he should himself come down with all his forces. This order Arimondi received only on December 5, at which moment Toselli was writing to him to

"hasten up, as the enemy's forces were crowning the heights in immense numbers." He sent orders to Toselli to withdraw, promising to meet him at Ardere to protect his retreat. Toselli never re-

Toselli's Defeat and Death.

ceived this order, nor did Arimondi receive his last despatches till all was over. On the evening of the 6th Toselli wrote: "I see hosts many, many advancing towards us; the spectacle of the camp is marvellous; there are camp fires along three distinct columns, and on the nearer hills other fires at rare intervals, probably of the bands that will attack my flanks on to-morrow's dawn." This despatch he expected would be delivered to Arimondi on his march, as he never doubted his arrival about 8 A.M. on the morrow. All his preparations were made on the overnight; placing Anghera's battery in the centre, he arranged his 2,400 forces to meet an attack.

At 6 A.M. the Shoans attacked some 8,000 strong, and were repulsed, the four guns spreading havoc in their ranks; but, other 12,000 advanced on the right, on the left, up the centre, thus surrounding and dividing Toselli's forces, which were soon decimated. At eleven he gave orders for baggage to be removed, later for the guns to protect a general retreat. But the road chosen was overhung by a hill in the possession of the Shoans. Below gaped a precipice of 3,500 feet in depth. One gun got into position—other two were flung with carriages and mules over the precipice; the men and officers not killed in the field fight retreated, fighting still, and were mown down.

Toselli, having sent his aide-de-camp Bodredo to take such soldiers as were left to Arimondi ("who must be close at hand, and who may redeem our disaster," he said), remained on the field till the last soldier had quitted it, then descended slowly, wounded, exhausted, but perfectly calm. To the few who remained with him he gave precise orders; then, when he was entreated to accompany them, answered: "*No, for me it is finished; I prefer to die here;*" and he fell by his own hand with a bullet through his heart. Bodredo only rallied 300 askars. Of eleven officers, seven were killed, two taken prisoners, Bodredo and one other alone remaining.

When Bodredo came up with Arimondi, the Galli cavalry were in full pursuit. Arimondi's horse was killed under him. After a brief skirmish he succeeded in camping during the night on a height, and in leading his own force and the 300 back to Macallè.

The Shoans, who are said to have had 4,000 men killed and wounded, remained in possession of Amba Alaghi, where Maconnen buried Toselli and the other officers, and Captain Ricci, who had died of his wounds, in the church near the Amba, firing the military salute; the wounded were properly cared for, the prisoners unharmed. No attempt was made to pursue their triumphs further at that time.

Baratieri came to Adigrat, sending Arimondi in his stead to Massowah to prepare and send forward fresh troops. In Italy the news was received with mingled feelings. Twenty millions were demanded and conceded, not without difficulty, and on condition that there should be no further extension of territorial influence.

After the catastrophe of Amba Alaghi comes the curious episode of the fort of Macallè, where Baratieri had, at his own request, appointed Captain

Galliano to command, with nineteen officers and subalterns and some 1,500 askars, in order to watch the movements of the victors of Amba Alaghi, and to gain time to organise fresh native troops, and

The Episode of Macallè.

await reinforcements of men, material, and provisions from Italy. The attacks on the fort availed nothing, save havoc in the Abyssinian ranks from the well-served guns of the Italians. But then up came Menelik and planted his red tent, so that between his own troops and those of his ras, Maconnen, Mangascia, Alula, and the rest, from 60,000 to 70,000 armed men surrounded the isolated fortress. The garrison, though reduced to the last drop of water (the enemy having armed possession of the wells), thundered their daily—hourly "*No surrender!*" They had decided to either blow up the fort or to make a desperate sortie for the wells. Suddenly the garrison was bidden to quit the fort. Menelik had offered to send officers, men, arms, guns, and ammunition to Baratieri's camp. Galliano was summoned, and in his presence Menelik and Maconnen swore on the cross held by the Abuna to send, nay, to escort, all safe and sound to Adigrat.

The fact was that the country had become so excited by the prospect of the sacrifice of the garrison that Crispi obtained permission to keep parliament closed, and in the meantime orders were sent from

A Strange Capitulation.

Rome to treat with Menelik, to whom the following terms were offered: "The garrison to quit the fort with guns, muskets, and ammunition. The fort to be ceded to Menelik. The Italian troops (under Baratieri, who was now at Adigrat awaiting reinforcements) pledge themselves to not molest the Abyssinian army during its march on Adowa, and the Galliano battalion will march as far as Hausen with Maconnen's column. The king's government promises to treat for peace with Menelik, and will pay a sum for the ransom of the officers."

This extraordinary capitulation was paraded in Italy as a great victory. The Crispi ministry was saved *pro tem.*, but the Italians in Africa were doomed.

The result was that Negus Menelik, with Galliano for a *buffer*, was enabled to defile with 70,000 men through l'Albara, to change his front, and completely transport his basis, exchange an exhausted territory where his supplies had to reach him from afar for provinces richly provisioned and obedient to his will. Baratieri, with at the utmost 30,000 troops, well-armed, provisioned, and in impregnable positions, found himself compelled to quit Adigrat. In spite of many difficulties, increased by the want of mules and camels to transport provisions, and the impossibility of training the newly arrived troops to the methods of African warfare, he succeeded for a whole month in keeping the Abyssinians in check, and changed his front so as to face the Entiscio.

The negotiations for peace came to nothing, as the terms offered by Menelik were the abrogation of the seventeenth article of the Ucciali treaty, and the return of the Italians to their old frontier. These Crispi would not hear of.

Hereon followed what might have been expected. Ras Sabath, liberated by Arimondi from the fortress where Ras Mangascia had immured him, kept in the Italian pay, and named governor of a province; Ras Agos Tafari, named by the Italians governor of Agame—both went over to the winning side. They roused the provinces in revolt, so that Baratieri found himself surrounded by revolution on his flanks and in his rear. A deadly fight took place at Alaua; the caravans were seized, the troops unprovisioned.

The government had decided to supersede Baratieri secretly, but this he never knew. Crispi in person telegraphed to him, "This is not war, it is military consumption—phthisis." It was decided that he should fall back on Ada Caiè. This was on February 29; but a subsequent council of war summoned opined that such a march was next to impossible, that a retreat was humiliating, that a victory might yet be won. Generals Arimondi, Dabormida, and Ellero (these two latter having been sent out recently), Colonels Albertone and Airighi (also new to Africa), and most of the superior officers, voted for the attack; only Major Salsa, the most experienced on the staff, objected that, the positions and the numbers of the enemy being unknown, such an attack was madness.

But on the night of February 29 and March 1, from ten to twenty thousand men in three columns advanced. As at Custozza, there were two places of the same name, and Albertone mistook the one for the other, so that he arrived at a post too far ahead; he was attacked, and defended himself till all his men were crushed. Then General Dabormida advanced to the rescue; both were enveloped and overwhelmed before Arimondi, owing to the difficulties of the position, could arrive. Dabormida, all his officers, and most of his men, were killed, after exhausting their ammunition; Arimondi, it is feared, is also killed. Then ensued a general *débâcle*. The sixty cannon carried off the field were

taken by the Shoans and by the rebels. In brief, two generals and from 200 to 260 officers were killed or wounded; of the troops, from 8,000 to 10,000 were slain. Such is the imperfect account of the disaster of Adowa, but the details can never be known until Colonel Albertone, now a prisoner in the camp of Menelik, can give his account, and until Baratieri, who it is said will be court martialled, tells his side of the story.

Numbers throughout the country and in the Italian Chamber have demanded the impeachment of the Crispi ministry, not for a lost battle, but because he, in defiance of parliament, and expending funds not sanctioned by parliament, carried out extension in Africa, and insisted on war. Never during the forty years that I have lived in Italy have I seen such intense, widespread, unanimous resolution among the population. "We will not allow," they say, "any more of our sons to be sacrificed in Africa." If the King had hesitated another day to accept the resignation of the Crispi ministry, there would have been revolution in all the principal northern and central cities.

As it is, calm has succeeded to the tempest. The Crispi ministry in their last hour of dominion authorised the new General Baldassara to treat for peace, *to cede even Adigrat and Kassala*, if necessary, so that the present ministry had not their hands free in their negotiations. Rudini declared that he should not propose any but honourable terms of peace, but that neither the seventeenth article of the treaty of Ucciali nor the possession of Adigrat is necessary to the Eritrean colony. Suffice it that, after a stormy debate, the Chamber of Deputies voted the 140,000,000 of lire demanded by the Government, by a vote of 214 yeas against 57 nays. The House then adjourned, and the new ministry was left to carry on the negotiations undisturbed. Before this brief history can appear, the outlook will have changed.

Varieties.

"Homes and Clubs for Women in Paris."—Some interest was excited by the paper on this subject in the March "Leisure Hour." We regret to find that our Paris correspondent has fallen into error on several points. The statements that the site close to the Bois de Boulogne, "where in the Rue de la Pompe Dr. Evans has built the Lafayette Home, was given him by the Empress in recognition of his help which enabled her to escape from France to England on the downfall of the Empire, and that in acknowledgment of his services the Empress made over this property to him by deed," are not only untrue, but are absolutely without foundation. "It is true," writes Dr. Evans, "as the writer says, that I 'enabled her (the Empress Eugénie) to escape from France,' and that I saw

her safely to England. Every other detail in the paragraph relating to the escape of the Empress Eugénie is pure fiction."

Miss Snowden, who is at present helping in the work of "The Girls' Friendly Society," Paris, points out that whereas the Rue de Milan Home is said to be under the charge of Miss Hockly and her mother, two years ago it was under the care of those most estimable ladies, and says it was a matter of the deepest regret to those interested in the care of young girls in Paris when their invaluable aid was withdrawn from the work through difference of opinion as to the *modus operandi* of the establishment. The apartment at 26 Faubourg St. Honoré was then given up, and the members of that household transferred to 18 Rue de Milan. Miss Ayerst, who with her coadjutor Miss Freeman

is in charge of the combined homes, is devoting herself with the same self-sacrificing energy as Miss Hockly to the work. The London V.W.C.A., through the especial generosity of Lord Kinnaird, had a small Home in Paris for some years in the Rue de la Paix, but it has been closed some three years.

The members of the Girls' Friendly Society in Paris are chiefly governesses, art students, and shorthand and type writers, and it is to meet the wants of that class that accommodation at the lodge has been provided, rather than for working women, shop girls, and apprentices. The lodge has been working for ten or eleven years now, and the restriction in its charity of a "non-member being asked to vacate her room on the application for board from a member" has never *once* occurred. All English girls, needing the protecting care of a quiet home, are received whether they are members or not. The only restriction possible is, that, as there are only twelve beds in the lodge, when the applicants for accommodation are very pressing, members of long standing in the Society have to be considered *first*. On Sunday afternoon, the lodge is the *rendezvous* for G.F.S. members in and around Paris. They may bring a friend with them for tea, and often twenty to thirty girls are present. Lady Dufferin's interest in the working of the whole society is unceasing, and the rapid growth of the Paris branch is largely due to her care. Lady Hermione Blackwood is usually to be found at the lodge on Sunday afternoon, helping Miss Sellon, the Lady Superintendent, to make any shy newcomer feel quite at home.

Emin Pasha's Will.—The announcement that no Will had been found among Emin Pasha's papers was matter of regret to many after all the cost and labour expended in seeking to discover and rescue him. It was known that he had married a native woman, attachment to whom, and to their only child, had been one cause of his refusing to be brought to Europe by Stanley and other searchers. His having been once the trusted friend of Gordon of Khartoum endeared him to many Englishmen, and he retained to the last his love of Natural History, sending specimens to the museums of his native land and to Scotland. It was very provoking to see the duplicity and apparent ingratitude of his latter days, and people began to be tired in hearing rumours of his mysterious movements. Possibly the German jealousy of English influence was one cause of his drawing away from his former benefactors. At the same time, there was regret when the tidings came of his sad fate, and the later announcement that his papers had been destroyed. A strange solution has, however, been found for the difficulty about the absence of a Will. In the earlier times, when Emin was still under Stanley's protection, his life was saved by the devoted and brave Irish doctor, Mountenay Jephson. During the illness which threatened to be fatal the sick man made a Will, which was duly witnessed, and signed "Mohammed Emin," for he was then secretly a true Mussulman. Mr. M. Jephson kept this Will, and preserved it as a curious and poetically written document. On seeing the announcement in the papers that there was no later Will found, Mr. Jephson forwarded to Germany this early Will, and Emin's daughter Farida has become the inheritor of all the property sent home during his long services in Africa. She must now be about twelve or thirteen years old, and possessor of property amounting to some thousands of pounds sterling, at least £5,000, or £6,000.

James Chalmers and R. L. Stevenson.—I wish you to get "Pioneering in New Guinea" by J. Chalmers. It is a missionary book, and has less pretensions to literature than Spurgeon's Sermons. Yet I think even through that you will see some of the traits of the hero that wrote it; a man that took me fairly by storm for the most attractive, simple, brave, and interesting man in the whole Pacific. He is away now to go up the Fly River; it is thought he is quite a Livingstone card.—*Letter of R. L. Stevenson to Sydney Colvin, Dec. 1890.*

Primary Education: how far does it reach?!—There has been much discussion as to the limits of primary education. The ordinary idea is what is popularly known as the 3 R's, Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic as phonetically spelled "Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic." In a sermon preached by Bishop Butler as long ago as May 1745, at the yearly meeting of the Charity Schools of London and Westminster, at Christ's Church, then the place of the annual meeting before the assemblies in St. Paul's, Butler said that "reading, writing, and accounts are useful, and would be wanted for children in the very lowest stations," but that it was also of the utmost importance to unite "instruction in easy labour of some sort or other," or what is now understood as "technical" training, suited for the majority of the children of the poor, only a small proportion of them having prospect of getting their living by book-learning. He also said that he took for granted that religious training was an essential portion of primary education. The whole sermon, as reprinted in the new Clarendon Press edition of his works, is worthy of being studied in our times, and proves what Mr. Gladstone calls "Butler's sagacious forethought."

Religion in the Old Testament and in the New Testament.—Religion, as it stood under the Old Testament, is perpetually styled the *fear of God*; under the New, *faith in Christ*. But as that fear of God does not signify literally being afraid of Him, but having a good heart, and living a good life in consequence of such fear; so this faith in Christ does not signify literally *believing* in Him, in the sense that word is used in common language, but becoming His disciples in consequence of such belief.

Gigantic Four-Masted Sailing Ship.—The well-known English steamship *Persian Monarch* was sold to an American firm, who converted her into a sailing ship, and named her the *May Flint*. She arrived from San Francisco lately at Avonmouth Dock, with 22,000 quarters of wheat, the largest cargo of wheat ever borne in one vessel from the New World. The *May Flint* is a four-masted iron barque, of 3,428 tons gross, and 3,288 tons net; length 350 feet, breadth 42 and a half feet, and depth 28 feet. She is certainly one of the largest sailing ships afloat.

Surviving Balloon Voyagers during the Siege of Paris.—M. W. de Fionvielle, the well-known aéronaut, has been collecting reminiscences of the balloon voyagers who left Paris during the siege in 1870. Gambetta was accompanied by M. Spuller, one of the survivors of the 169 persons who left Paris in that year by aerial transit. The number of balloons that made the voyage was 166, carrying 169 passengers, 3,000,000 letters, 363 carrier pigeons, and 5 dogs, which were expected to be sent back with messages and letters. Of the 166 balloons, 52 fell in France, 5 in Belgium, 4 in Holland, 2 in Germany, 1 in Norway, and 2 at sea. Five of the 52 which fell in France were captured by the Germans. It is a most interesting addition to the historical recollections of the famous siege. The scenes on the arrival of the pigeon-borne letters, when crowds assembled to see the news when magnified by lenses on the screens, are familiar to the readers of records of the siege.

Laughter-in Courts of Law.—It is often remarked, usually in terms of surprise and disapproval, that in English courts of justice, during the most serious trials, there is a readiness to fall into relaxation, amounting even to "much laughter." At the moment, these interludes of levity seem strangely out of place, where questions of life or death may be at stake. But it is only natural; and, in court or with lawyers, as well as with lay listeners, it is an agreeable thing to be moved by any trifling incident that breaks the strain of attention to the more stern facts of a trial. There are remarkable statements about this in the works of Cicero, the greatest pleader of all times, and, on the whole, the most successful in his cases. In a famous passage in the "Brutus," after telling how the forensic orator is indebted to the studies of literature and philosophy, as well as the important facts of the case and technical points of law, Cicero says, "The pleader at the bar must be able, briefly and neatly, to turn the laugh against his antagonist, and so give some repose to the minds of the jurors, and lead them away a little from sternness to a smile. He must know how

to give pleasure by a slight digression; to be able to stir the soul of the jurymen to anger, or to move him to tears, to carry him with you; this is the special prerogative of the orator, in whatever direction the case demands." After this dictum of Cicero we shall not be surprised at the occasional reports of diversions of court or jurymen, even if they amount to "much sensation" or "roars of laughter."

The First Famous Competition Wallah.—The death of Sir Charles Aitchison, K.C.S.I., has recalled to memory old conditions of the Indian Civil Service. It is now above thirty years since the appointment of Indian civilians after competitive examination was first introduced. Mr. C. Aitchison was among the earliest of the new men thus appointed. For some months he had served under John Lawrence, in 1868, filling the post of Lord Lawrence's permanent and regular Foreign Secretary. In July of that year he returned to England, and was for fourteen months on furlough. Unexpectedly he was summoned by telegram to return to Calcutta, the new viceroy, Lord Mayo, being engaged in forming his council. After much deliberation, Mr. C. Aitchison was selected out of six nominees to the important post of Foreign Secretary to the Indian Government, a post which has been regarded as "the blue ribbon" of the Civil Service. One of the competitors, greatly senior to Aitchison, was afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. The successful career of the young Scotchman, chosen by competitive examination, without patronage nomination, much helped to reconcile old Indians to the new system. Since his retirement Sir Charles Aitchison has resided at Oxford, to be near his only son at Balliol College.

Locusts for Food.—Dr. Livingstone, in his "Missionary Travels and Researches," gives his experience of locust eating. He says that Sechele, the chief of the Backwains, was very kind in sending meat to him for his family when living at Kolobeng. When the supply was not so regular "we were sometimes fain to accept a dish of locusts. They have a strong vegetable taste, which varies with the plants on which they feed. There is a physiological reason why locusts and honey should be eaten together; the laxative properties of the last correct the astringent qualities of the first. Locusts are often roasted and pounded into meal, when they will keep for months. Boiled, they are disagreeable; but when roasted I much prefer them to shrimps, though I would avoid both if possible. The scarcity of meat was felt more especially by my children." Dr. Livingstone also says that the children greatly relished a large frog called Matlametono. It was about six inches long; fore legs three inches, hind legs six inches. When cooked this frog looked like a chicken, and its taste would have delighted a Parisian gourmand.

New Classification of Birds.—At the annual meeting of the British Ornithological Union in May 1896, a proposal is to be discussed for a classification of birds, in a handbook divided according to the six great geographical parts of the world. Each division would form a volume containing 2,000 species, with a Latin diagnosis and a few selected synonyms. The proposal is made by Mr. P. L. Sclater, the Secretary of the Zoological Society of London. The scheme has been on the whole approved, but it will have to undergo much discussion, and some species will be difficult to classify in the way of geographical distribution. The common crow, for instance, is popularly supposed to be as ubiquitous as are Scotchmen, in all climates and all corners of the world.

Court Physician through Four Reigns.—It is not an uncommon thing to delay the publication of memoirs or journals for a long period, sometimes for a hundred years, as in the case of the private memoirs of Talleyrand. One reason for the delay is the fear of making known facts or incidents affecting the contemporaries or relatives of subjects of a biography. This has apparently been the cause of the postponement of the "Life of Sir Henry Hallford, M.D., F.R.S., physician to George III, George IV, William IV and to Queen Victoria" in the early years of her reign. It was certainly high time, fifty years after his death, for the appearance of the biography by Dr. W. Munk, which records the chief events of the life of the most eminent physician of his time, and who was also the most scholarly and learned

man in the profession. Sir Henry Hallford was President of the College of Physicians for twenty-five years, and during his presidency the removal took place from the City to the present imposing site in Trafalgar Square. Many anecdotes are found in the charming volume of Dr. Munk, besides those which touch on medical and professional subjects. For instance, when the Duke of Wellington was told that he must make a speech in Latin on receiving the LL.D. degree at Oxford, he at once applied to Sir Henry Hallford, trusting him as the ablest scholar as well as a skilful physician to help him over the anxieties and difficulties awaiting him in the Sheldonian Theatre, which caused him more uneasiness than he had felt before the battles of Vittoria or Waterloo! Sir Henry Hallford's scholarly attainments and social gifts brought him into contact with all the leading personages of his time. His professional standing was universally recognised. His Latin poems were appreciated by the Duke's learned brother, the Marquess Wellesley. He superintended the search for the coffin containing the body of Charles I, which was discovered in 1813 in the vault of Henry VIII at St. George's, Windsor. The proceedings are described in Dr. Munk's volume.

Early Spring of 1896.—Among the proofs of the early season of 1896, so strangely in contrast with the severity of that of 1895, the voice of the cuckoo was heard on February 20. Doubts were expressed by some naturalists whether it was an early arrival from warmer climates, or whether it was a survivor of last year fledged too late to accompany its migrating companions in the autumn. But there is no question as to the fact of a cuckoo's note being heard in a spinney under the "Pheasant's Nest," at Weston Underwood, near Olney, a spinney familiar to all who know the haunts of William Cowper. The season has been peculiar in many ways, as the letters sent to the "Times" and other papers have shown, with specimens of flowers and plants, appearing at dates far earlier than those given by White of Selborne, or other records kept by naturalists. Blackbirds were singing before the end of January.

Cardinal Manning's last Act of Worship in the Anglican Church.—In 1851, in the chapel near the Buckingham Palace Road, Manning performed his last act of worship in the Church of England. He says, "I was kneeling by the side of Mr. Gladstone. Just before the Communion Service I said to him, 'I can no longer take the Communion in the Church of England.' I rose up, and, putting my hand on Mr. Gladstone's shoulder, said 'Come.' Mr. Gladstone remained, and I went my way. He still remains where I left him."

Astronomical Notes for May.—The Sun rises at Greenwich on the first day at 4h. 33m. in the morning, and sets at 7h. 21m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 4h. 9m. and sets at 7h. 43m. The Moon will enter her Last Quarter at 3h. 25m. on the afternoon of the 4th; become New at 7h. 47m. on the evening of the 12th; enter her First Quarter at 6h. 21m. on the morning of the 20th; and become Full at 9h. 57m. on the evening of the 26th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 8th, and in perigee, or nearest us, about an hour before noon on the 24th. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance will take place during the month. The planet Mercury will be at his greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 16th, and will therefore, during the second and third weeks of the month, be visible in the evening after sunset in the constellation Taurus, being on the 19th very near the bright star Beta Tauri, which forms the tip of one of the horns of the imaginary bull. Venus is a morning star, but rises only about half an hour before the Sun; she passes during the month from Pisces through Aries into Taurus, and will be near the Pleiades on the 29th. Mars is also a morning star, but remains in the constellation Pisces throughout the month, and rises earlier than Venus; he will continue to increase in apparent brilliancy until December. Jupiter is still in Cancer, and a magnificent object in the south-west part of the sky in the evening, but by the end of the month he will set at midnight. Saturn will be in opposition to the Sun, and due south at midnight, on the 5th; he rises before sunset, in the constellation Libra.—W. T. LYNN.

Puzzles for Rainy Days.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

A. SEARCH PASSAGES.

FLOWERS.

(Find source and author of each of the following passages. Book prizes to the value of One Guinea and Half a Guinea, respectively, will be given for the two best answers.)

1. "The little daisy that at evening closes."
2. "Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed
One sheet of living snow."
3. "It was high spring, and all the way
Primros'd, and hung with shade."
4. "Flowers of all hues, and without thorn the rose."
5. "Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves."
6. "Soon shall we have gold-dusted snap-dragon,
Sweet-William with his homely cottage smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow."
7. "Sweet peas on tiptoe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white."
8. "Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue."
9. "The lilacs tossing in the winds of May."
10. "Sweet forget-me-nots,
That grow for happy lovers."
11. "Deep tulips, dashed with fiery dew."
12. "Alas, that spring should vanish with the Rose,
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should
close!"

B. SELECTIONS.

Select, from any sources, three forcible descriptions of people wise in their own eyes. The less hackneyed the better. Not over fifty words in each. State source and author. For really good selections three book prizes, value Half a Guinea each, will be given.

C. SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

THIRD OF FOUR.

Book prizes, amounting to Six Guineas in value, to be awarded when the series is completed (see March number). Note is kept of successful solvers' names. Competitors will observe that this third acrostic takes a slightly different form, and is rather more difficult. The six lights are, of course, all to be found in Shakespeare's plays, as in the previous acrostics of the series, but are *not* given in quotations.

(Give act and scene where each name occurs.)

1. This had more wit, though all men called him fool,
And wisdom too, than may be learned in school.

2. On errand sent, by none art thou gainsaid,
At thy behest dance man and mythic maid.
3. He was required a secret ill to find,
He thought he knew, but feared to tell his mind.
4. To God and to your son you told the truth,
Age secretly confessed the claims of youth.
5. Wrong done by royalty in jealous pride
Fondly he vowed to weep for till he died.
6. To urge them on this holds before their eyes
The means of conquest hidden in the prize.

(The six initials of the above names give the following name.)

WHOLE.

"Fair, courteous, good, and true he was, as he was deemed,
But yet he was not that which most he seemed."

RULES.—1. Write in ink, clearly, on one side of the paper. Begin with name and number of competition, end with your own address. Where other things are equal, neatest papers take precedence.

2. All envelopes must be addressed to the Editor of "Leisure Hour," having Prize Competitions written in top corner, must be received not later than the 20th, must contain the blue coupon (see opposite), and may contain replies to all three competitions.

3. Answers appear here, and prize-winners' names among advertisements.

ANSWERS IN MARCH COMPETITIONS.

A. SEARCH PASSAGES.

Personifications.—Spring, "Ode to Winter," Campbell. Morn, "Paradise Lost," book v., Milton. Joy, "Ode on Melancholy," Keats. Virtue,—"Ode to himself," Ben Jonson. Glory, "The Quip," G. Herbert. Authority, "Prelude," book iii., Wordsworth. Charity, "Hymn to Adversity," Gray. Duty, "Ode to Duty," Wordsworth. Labour, "Prelude," book iii., Wordsworth. Sorrow, "Adonais," Shelley. Love, "Paradise Lost," book iv., Milton. Peace, "Nativity Ode," Milton.

B. SELECTIONS.

Competitors found this unusually difficult; the best selections sent in were: I. Miss Taylor, ch. 1, "Emma," by Jane Austen. II. Macleod, ch. 10, "Macleod of Dare," by Black. III. Madame Aubrey, chaps. 7, 8, and 13, "Ten Thousand a Year," by Warren. IV. No example could be found of this type! V. Bella's maid of all work, ch. 4, bk. 4, "Our Mutual Friend," by Dickens. VI. Mr. Johnson, chaps. 12 and 15, "Cranford," by Mrs. Gaskell.

C. SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

J—agues.	"As You Like it," iv. 1.	} JULIET.
U—rsula.	"Much Ado About Nothing," iii. 1.	
L—contes.	"Winter's Tale," i. 2.	
I—den.	II. Part, "King Henry vi.," v. 1.	
E—xeter.	"King Henry v.," iv. 5.	
T—rinculo.	"Tempest," ii. 2.	

(N.B.—In March number the reference for Dull was misprinted "Love's Labour Lost," ii. 2, instead of iv. 2.)

For prize-winners' names look on advertisement page.

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